

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 841.—14 July, 1860.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Lord Brougham's Address at his Installation as Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, . . .	<i>Reprint of a Pamphlet,</i> 67
2. The Ramsgate Life-Boat: a Rescue, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> 87
3. The Chamois-Hunter, . . .	<i>Ladies' Companion,</i> 94
4. Memoirs of the Queens of Prussia, . . .	<i>Christian Observer,</i> 101
5. Lord Brougham at Edinburgh, . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i> 109
6. The Bruce War with China. Rejection of the British Ultimatum by China, . . .	<i>Examiner,</i> 111
7. The Diplomatic Horizon, . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i> 114
8. Spanish American Republics, . . .	" " 116
9. Marriage of the Prince of Wales, . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> 118
10. The Fight for the Belt, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> 121
11. The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt, . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i> 125
12. The Cottages of the Alps, . . .	<i>Examiner,</i> 128

POETRY. — God's Horologe, 66. Church's Picture, "Twilight in the Wilderness," 66. Fight for the Belt, 121. Hark, hark, hark! 124. Still Life, 124. November Leaves, 124.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Roger's Wood-Carving, 86. Diseases of the Brain, 110. Transmission of Parcels through Pneumatic Tubes, 120. "Letters of a Betrothed," 127.

NEW BOOKS.

ENGLISH CIVILIZATION UNDEMONSTRATIVE. The address to the St. George's Society, Toronto, 23 April, 1860. By Henry Scadding, D.D. Toronto.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL, SON, & CO., BOSTON.

For Six Dollars a year, in advance, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded free of postage.

Complete sets of the First Series, in thirty-six volumes, and of the Second Series, in twenty volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principal cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale at two dollars a volume.

ANY VOLUME may be had separately, at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

ANY NUMBER may be had for 13 cents; and it is well worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

GOD'S HOROLOGE.

HARK ! God's horologe is striking—

In yon vaulted dome above;
Myriad, myriad orbs triumphant
March majestic to the chant,
Hymning God's exhaustless love.

Hark ! God's horologe is striking—
Earth's "orb'd maiden" hears the call,
Throws off her dew-besprinkled hood,
And steps in loving servitude,
To scatter light and peace o'er all.

Hark ! God's horologe is striking—
Wild ocean rolls in ceaseless sweep,
By vaster higher influence bound,
In ebb and flow still circling round,
His waves the measured cadence keep.

Hark ! God's horologe is striking—
From lowly nest the lark up-springing,
Soars boldly to God's throne on high,
Pouring his lavish minstrelsy
To shame our feeble earthly singing.

Hark ! God's horologe is striking—
Each tiny form of loveliness,
Each insect frail, each perfumed flower,
Starts into life to bless the Power
That willed its being for an hour,
And dies in quiet thankfulness.

Hark ! God's horologe is striking,
Shall man alone refuse to hear ?
Still grovel in life's miry ways,
Forget his little share of praise,
Nor track a Father's footsteps near ?

God's horologe will strike once more ;
It may be in the dead of night,
When conscience has put out her light,
And loving beacon-fires are o'er.

God's horologe will strike for thee !
Canst thou look up in his pure eyes ?
Hop'st thou to hear his cry, "Well done ?"
Is thy bright crown of victory won,
That waits thee now in Paradise ?
—*Englishwoman's Journal*. E. G. H.

CHURCH'S PICTURE, "TWILIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS."

AROUND this soft, though lonely scene,
Twilight breathes thoughtfulness serene.
It is the holiest hour of day.
Then hearts are touched by every ray
Which welcome dearer, surer wins,
Than joy's high noon of glaring light,
Or flaming morn, when youth begins
To gaze with hope's entrancing sight.
The picture saddens, yet inspires
Eve's pensive tears, the glowing fires
Reflected from the hidden sun
Have here commingled victory won,
Which the subdued, calm spirit owns,
While, to its ear revealing tones,

Seem all the sky, the river still,
The purple hills, the air to fill ;
And Memory, startled in her bower,
Obeys the music of the hour,
Happy the skill which thus can make
Colors, like tones, the heart awake.
Not hues of gold and emerald blended,
Where sky to earth has softly bowed,
With deep, empurpled haze attended,
Not the bright bars of crimson cloud,
That cross the highest sky, and shine
As if with their own light, combine
With waving hills and leaves that glow,
Each like a trembling, glancing star ;
And waters that in silence flow,
And gleam through deepening shades afar
Not all these hues, and light, and shade,
With which the landscape is arrayed,
Combine so deeply to impress
The soul with Nature's loneliness.
And splendor, as they prove the power,
To give to thought her genial dower,
And to sincere emotion sway ;
For, this soft close of beauteous day,
Though in the distant wilderness,
Which human footsteps seldom press,
Where is no sign of human life
Or human care or human strife,
Is full of gentlest sympathy,
And glows with sweet humanity.
It speaks and sings, and breathes of love,
Which earth like heavenly vesture wears,
The priceless gift of skies above ;
And every heart that gift which shares,
With nature gleaming in the smiles
Of the sun's radiance, as he springs,
Or reigns at noonday, or beguiles
With plaintive light his setting brings,
Shall feel the tenderness conveyed
By brightness softening thus to shade,
And shall derive a blessing fair
From every ray that glances there.
Though sadness be the undertone
From this sweet harp of colors thrown,
Yet gladness strikes, in turn, the chords,
And tempered joyfulness affords
The kind transitions, gentle changes
Of feelings sombre, cheerful ranges,
When smiles and tears, in harmony,
Obey alternate melody.
This benison the picture shows,
While parting day in beauty glows,
That memory has a force divine,
To make life's sombre scenes to shine
With light whose blended rays shall give
Power in the joyful past to live,
And that hope, also, can bestow
A grace fulfilment cannot know.
So, "Twilight in the Wilderness"
Shall on the heart the lesson press
Of patience, glorifying sorrow,
And waiting for a blissful morrow.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

W. G. D.

INSTALLATION ADDRESS

Of the Right Honorable Henry Lord Brougham, etc., etc., Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh. Delivered on the 18th May, 1860. With Notes.

GREAT as is the pleasure of meeting you on this occasion—great beyond my power of expression—there are unavoidably mingled with these feelings others of a painful nature. All that surrounds us recalls the memory of those whom we have lost—the teachers of other days: Dalzell, whose learned and useful labors contributed so much to revive the taste for Greek literature, which he was wont, in somewhat irreverent terms, to charge the Solemn League and Covenant with having extinguished, at least with having banished prosody from the native country of Buchanan; Dunbar, who most ably and effectually improved upon his master; Playfair, deeply imbued with mathematical and physical science, possessing in the highest degree the talent so often wanting in its cultivators, of conveying instruction to others; Robison, master of the same science in all its branches, teaching it by his invaluable writings, and whose errors on subjects into which he made digressions, those who most differed with him were prone to excuse, almost to admire, from his perfect sincerity and purity of purpose; Stewart, illustrating the great geometrician's name which he inherited with his genius, by a delicacy of taste and a bewitching eloquence so rarely found in alliance with such severe studies, and enabling him powerfully to inculcate the truths of the moral and political science which he bore so ample a part in founding. While the voice of these men seems yet to fill my ear, the form of one yet more illustrious rises before me in all the grace of his venerable aspect, the Father of Modern Chemistry, to whom we owe our acquaintance with the nature of the bodies that compose our planet nearly as much as from Newton we derive our knowledge of its relations to the universe. Yes! within these walls I enjoyed the happiness of sitting with his numerous class in breathless silence, and riveted attention, while Black recounted the history of his immortal discoveries, and with his own hands performed the experiments by which they had been made, perhaps with the instruments he had used, acting over again before our eyes the same part which had changed

the face of science, laying the deep and broad foundations of his imperishable renown.

But there are other sad recollections that now force themselves on the mind—recollections of the fellow-students who, under the same masters, gained those accomplishments which made themselves the ornaments of society, the solid learning and practical knowledge which made them its benefactors, ministering at the altars of their country, administering her laws, amending her institutions, improving her literature, and taking their station among the best friends of mankind, the fearless, the consistent apostles of piety, humanity, and freedom—and all have now passed away, leaving their memory for our comfort, their example for our encouragement; the Duncans,¹ Lundies,² Gillespies,³ Thompsons,⁴ Birbeck,⁵ Reeve,⁶ Campbell,⁷ Leyden,⁸ Graham,⁹ Mackenzie,¹⁰ Scott,¹¹ Cranstoun,¹² Moncreiff,¹³ Erskine,¹⁴ Reddie,¹⁵ Kinnaird,¹⁶ Ward,¹⁷ Seymour,¹⁸ Grant,¹⁹ Cockburn,²⁰ Brown,²¹ Horner,²² Jeffrey,²³ and latest, not least of our losses, Murray,²⁴—

¹ Rev. H. Duncan, to whom we owe savings banks.

² Rev. H. Lundie, a sound divine and eloquent preacher.

³ Rev. W. Gillespie, well known for his poems, especially "Consolation."

⁴ Rev. A. Thompson, celebrated for his eloquence in the pulpit and the Church Courts.

⁵ Dr. G. Birbeck, founder of Mechanics' Institutes in England, and of Lectures to Working Men at Glasgow.

⁶ Dr. H. Reeve, an eminent physician at Norwich, and allied by marriage to the celebrated family of the Taylors.

⁷ T. Campbell, author of the "Pleasures of Hope," and the finest lyrical poems of late times.

⁸ J. Leyden, author of sonnets, much admired.

⁹ J. Graham, author of the "Sabbath" and other poems.

¹⁰ J. H. Mackenzie, afterwards Lord Mackenzie, an eminent judge.

¹¹ W. Scott, afterwards Sir Walter.

¹² G. Cranstoun, afterwards Lord Corehouse, a great lawyer, advocate, and judge.

¹³ James Moncreiff, afterwards Lord M., one of the greatest lawyers and judges in modern times.

¹⁴ W. Erskine, known by his able works, especially on East Indian affairs.

¹⁵ J. Reddie, a great lawyer, whose early retirement to a provincial judicial office alone prevented him from rising to the highest place on the bench.

¹⁶ C. Kinnaird, afterwards Lord Kinnaird, distinguished in Parliament.

¹⁷ J. W. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, and Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

¹⁸ Lord Webb Seymour, eminent for his great learning, especially in physical science.

¹⁹ R. Grant, afterwards Sir R., Governor of Bombay, distinguished in parliament and by his literary talents; brother of Lord Glenelg.

²⁰ H. Cockburn, afterwards Lord Cockburn, eminent as an advocate and judge.

"Clandite jam Parcæ, nimum reserata sepulchra
Clandite! plus justo jam domus ista patet!"
— OVID. *Cons.*

I can dwell no longer in the retrospect. It is our duty, instead of indulging in unavailing regrets over the past, to cast our eye forwards, and bestir ourselves that we may become the worthy successors of those who have gone before us. My reverend kinsman, our great principal (Robertson), the last time the silver tones of that voice were heard on a public occasion, when the foundation of the new building was laid, justly extolled the University as attracting students, not only from all parts of the British dominions, but from almost every country in Europe, and from every State in America. Long may this intercourse continue, so advantageous to all parties! While we gather hints for our improvement from others, we greatly benefit them; and the interests, the blessed interests, of peace are promoted, not only by the interchange of benefits, but by the natural tendency of men's feelings to look back with satisfaction, even with tenderness, upon the residence of their early years, and to cherish the remembrance of the lessons then taught. Thus, upon the memory of our nearest neighbors in Europe, there will remain impressed the great truth that popular rights can exist, and be respected without the tyranny of the populace; that liberty does not necessarily degenerate into licentiousness; and that abject slavery is not the only refuge from anarchy. Our kinsfolk of the new world may, in after life, recollect having known a community, in which a church is established without the existence of a single civil disqualification attached to religious belief, a community in which the most enlightened and respectable citizens do not abstain from taking their share in public proceedings, in which the interference of the multitude with the administration of justice is a thing unheard of, nay, regarded as incredible, and in which the irresponsible mob-tyrant, the instant that one of his many heads appears, is at once put down by the

²¹ T. Brown, afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy, and known by his metaphysical writings.

²² F. Horner, eminent in Parliament and for his writings on political economy.

²³ F. Jeffrey, afterwards Lord Jeffrey, founder of the "Edinburgh Review," and a great advocate and judge.

²⁴ J. A. Murray, afterwards Lord Murray, an eminent judge and man of letters.

ordinary action of the law. Above all, our American friends may reflect with satisfaction upon having been educated in a city famed for being the first to declare, by its judges, the great law, that a slave's fetters fall from him the moment he touches British ground. [Note 1.] The natives of southern Europe, Sicily, Naples—but none such will be suffered by their despot to resort hither, and they must learn without our instruction, if experience has not already taught them, the nature of a tyrant—"Non ullum monstrum nec fœdus, nec tetra, neque dis hominibusque magis invisum terra genuit; qui quanquam formâ hominis tamen immanitate morum vastissimas vincit belluas."—Cic. de Repub.

But even our English neighbors may profit not only by our teaching, but by the principles upon which our system is founded. The subject of extramural instruction (on which, however, I entirely agree with our Lord Rector) may be left untouched; and the vexed question between the tutorial and the professorial method, may also be put on one side; it is subject, however, to an observation, which, whoever considers the matter without the exclusive partiality arising from local prejudice, is pretty sure to make, that the blending together of the two methods is preferable to the adoption of either alone. But the great benefits that attend our plan of home instead of college residence can hardly be doubted; and it should always be kept in mind that the English plan originated entirely in the accidental circumstance of Oxford and Cambridge being mere villages when the universities were founded [Note 2], and all the pupils being strangers come from remote districts. It can hardly be doubted that had either been founded in a great town, that plan would not have been followed. In a small place good reasons may certainly be given for it; but in such cities as Edinburgh and Glasgow, the residence of students under the paternal roof is a great benefit accessible to, at least, the whole inhabitants. When the London University was established (now called University College), this important consideration entered into our views quite as much as the bringing the advantages of an academical education within the reach of those who could not afford the expense of the old universities.

Taught in this school, and trained to the capacity, whether for speculation or for the pursuits of active life, strangers from other lands, as well as our fellow-subjects, have made our university worthily known by its fruits; nor can there be a doubt that it will continue, under its new constitution, to prefer the same claims to general respect and gratitude. But I should not discharge the duties of the high office to which the kindness of your body has raised me, if I did not avail myself of this occasion for offering such suggestions and advice as I deem of a useful tendency, to those by whom I have the honor of being surrounded. They may be of little value, and may possess no other merit than that they result from the reflection of many long years, and of a somewhat various experience; but they are delivered with feelings of respect, only surpassed by those of affectionate kindness.

First of all, it is to be observed, that though the acquisition of general knowledge is a primary duty, and the confining our attention within the narrow limits of one or two branches enfeebles the mind, impairing its powers, and even prevents our entire mastery of the selected branches, yet it is on every account highly expedient, indeed, all but absolutely necessary, to single out one branch as the main object of attention. This selection is required by the impossibility of thoroughly mastering different unconnected kinds of knowledge, and the risk of distraction, which, passing from one subject to another occasions, the danger even of the greatest evil occurring, that of superficial learning,—the rule being inflexible, that no one subject, or part of a subject, must be studied without going to the very bottom, fully and accurately, of what we would learn; not proposing to ourselves, it may be, to go beyond a certain length, but as far as we profess and propose to go, becoming thoroughly master of the subject. There is, however, another reason for selecting one special branch. We thus draw, as it were, a meridian line, to which all our steps in other directions may be referred. The acquisitions thus made derive additional interest from their connection with the principal and prevailing pursuit: the attention to these is kept awake, and the memory in proportion retentive, of the accessory or subordinate matters, while they lend help and illustration to the main object

of our study. That object is of engrossing though not exclusive interest; it does not preclude a moderate attention to others; but this selection, this singleness of entire absorption, is absolutely necessary to avoid the dispersion of the faculties, caused by intemperate devotion to several subjects, whereof the certain tendency is to produce mediocrity in all, making ordinary capacity, even when united to great industry, yield but little return of value; and from the rarest endowments, which, temperately and judiciously used, might render the most important service, only obtaining the exhibition of varieties more wonderful than useful, like the displays of the mocking-bird, which can warble all the notes that make the grove vocal, but has no song of her own. [Note 14.]

That genius is of universal application cannot be denied; but the interests of science, and generally, of mankind as well as of the individual, require that it should not be so applied. The great lights of the world afford few if any exceptions to this rule. Had Barrow's [Note 3] professional studies, and his attention to the eloquence of the pulpit, not interfered with his mathematical pursuits, he would probably—Fermat [Note 3], but for his official duties and his general speculations, would certainly—have made the discovery of the calculus, to which both had so nearly approached. What might not have been expected from the bold and happy conjectures of Franklin, under the guidance of the inductive method so familiar to him in all its rigor, had he not devoted his life to the more important cause of his country and her liberties. Priestley's discoveries, all but accidental, however important, were confined in their extent, and perversely misapprehended in their results, by the controversies, religious and political, which engrossed his attention through life. Descartes, instead of the one great step which the mathematics owe him, was destined to make vast progress in physical science, and not to leave his name chiefly known by a mere baseless hypothesis, had he not been seduced by metaphysical speculation; and Leibnitz [Note 4], but for the same seduction, joined to his legal labors, would assuredly have come near the Newtonian system in Dynamics, as he had preferred a just claim to share in its analytical renown. On the other hand, mark the happy

results of concentrated powers in Bacon wisely abstaining [Note 5] from the application of his own philosophy when he found that previous study had not fitted him for physical inquiries; Newton, avoiding all distraction, save when he deemed that his highest duties required some intermission of his habitual labors. Nay, had Leonardo da Vinci [Note 3] indulged in the investigations of natural science for which he possessed so remarkable a talent, and has left such felicitous anticipations in them, his name as one of the first of artists would have been unknown; and had Voltaire prosecuted [Note 3] the study of chemistry, in which he was so near making two of the greatest discoveries, we should never have had the tragedies, the romances, and the general history—the foundations of his fame.

But the same principle applies to active life as to the pursuits of science and letters. Every one should have a special occupation, the main object of his attention, to which all others are subordinate, and all more or less referable. With most men this is inevitable, because they are engaged in professional employment; but all ought to single out some pursuit, whether speculative or active, as the chief occupation of life. Nothing conduces more to comfort and happiness; nothing is a greater safeguard against the seductions of indolence, or of less innocent, perhaps not less hurtful, indulgences; nothing gives a greater relish and zest to the subordinate pursuits. He who has professional duties, has no right to call any time that is not earned by the discharge of those duties his own, for other occupations, whether of relaxation, or even of mental improvement. His business is the master; but where there is no such servitude, I strongly recommend the voluntary forming of the relation between master and slave, by the choice of a pursuit, and submitting to its claims upon our time and our attention as paramount.

After the very general advice which I have offered, it may be thought that there are many particular subjects deserving consideration; but these may safely be left to the care of the learned and excellent persons who, in various departments, are charged with the duties of this University. On one or two matters I would ask their and your permission to dwell, and but for a few minutes;

not that I can suppose these subjects to be neglected by the teachers, but that I would earnestly join my voice to theirs, and inculcate the closest attention to them. The study of Attic oratory is one matter which cannot be too strongly pressed upon the pupil; that of the ancient analysis is another. The tendency of mathematical studies in the present day is to disregard the Greek geometry; that of classical studies is well to cultivate Greek learning, but rather to exalt the poets above the orators—*Pace Rectoris Magnifici dixerim, qui in rostris omnes veneres Attice dicendi consecutus, scriptis vero potius ὀμιλοφίλος videtur*. The immeasurable superiority of the Greek to the Roman oratory is not only evinced by the devotion of the greatest master of the latter to the Attic models, by his constant study of them, by his never ceasing, even in advanced life, to practise Greek declamation, by his imitating, nay, translating from them in his finest passages; but one consideration is decisive on this head. The Greek oratory is incomparably better adapted to our modern debating, business-like habits; and while it may be truly affirmed, that, with all their excellence, hardly one of Cicero's orations could even in part ever be borne either by the senate or the forum in our times, there is hardly one of the Greek which might not, in circumstances like those for which they were composed, with a few alterations, be delivered before our tribunals and our public assemblies. Some of Demosthenes' very finest orations were those in private causes (the *ιδιωτικοί*), and composed to be delivered by the parties, one of them by himself. They are very little studied now, but they well deserve ample attention both for the matter and the composition.

The example of the ancient masters is ever to be kept before you in one important particular,—their excessive care in preparing their speeches. Of this the clearest proofs remain. Cicero's having a book of passages, to be used on occasions, is well known; indeed, we have his own account of it, and of the mistake he once made in using it (*Ad. Att. xvi.*); but the book of Proemia which Demosthenes kept has come down to us, the only doubt being raised (though I hardly think there can be any) whether they were, like Cicero's passages, kept ready for use, or prepared passages of speeches, the preparation of which in the whole he had not time to finish. One thing is certain, that he was very averse to extempore speaking, and most reluctantly, as he expressed it, "trusted his success to fortune;" and his orations abound in passages, and even parts of passages, again and again used by him with such improvements as their reception on delivery,

or his own subsequent reflection suggested. There is even great parsimony shown in preserving small portions unchanged when the right composition had been attained. I have examined this subject very fully on different occasions, and I find the views taken are approved by Attic scholars both in England and France. But I dwell upon the subject at present in order to illustrate the necessity of full preparation, and of written composition to those who would attain real excellence in the rhetorical art. In truth, a certain proficiency in public speaking may be acquired by any one who chooses often to try it, and can harden himself against the pain of frequent failures. If he is a person of no capacity his speeches will be very bad; but though he be a man of genius, they will not be eloquent. A sensible remark, or a fine image, may occur; but the loose, and slovenly, and poor diction, the want of art in combining and disposing of his ideas, the inability to bring out many of his thoughts, and the incompetency to present any of them in the best and most efficient form, will reduce the speaker to the level of an ordinary talker. His diction is sure to be clumsy, incorrect, unlimited in quantity, and of no value. Such a speaker is never in want of a word, and hardly ever has one that is worth having—“*Sine hac quidem conscientia* (says Quintilian, speaking of written composition), *ipsa illa extempore dicendi facultas inanem modo loquacitatem dabit, et verba in labris nascentia.*” (x. iii) It is a common error to call this natural eloquence; it is the reverse; it is neither natural nor eloquent. A person under the influence of strong feelings or passions pouring forth all that fills his mind, produces a powerful effect on his hearers, and often attains, without any art, the highest beauties of rhetoric. The language of the passions flows easily; but it is concise and simple, and the very opposite of the wordiness just described. The untrained speaker, who is also unpractised, and utters according to the dictates of his feelings, now and then succeeds perfectly; but in these rare instances, he would not be the less successful for having studied the art, while that study would enable him to succeed equally in all he delivers, and would give him the same control over the feelings of others whatever might be the state of his own. Herein, indeed, consists the value of the study; it enables him to do at all times what nature only teaches upon rare occasions. Nor is there a better corrector of the faults complained of in the eloquence of modern times than the habitual contemplation of the ancient models, more especially the chaste beauties of the Greek composition, and the

diligent practice of severe written preparation.

It is the greatest of all mistakes to fancy that even a carefully prepared passage cannot be delivered before a modern assembly. I once contended on this point with an accomplished classical scholar, and no inconsiderable speaker himself, Lord Melbourne, who immediately undertook to point out the passages which I had prepared, and those which were given off-hand and on the inspiration of the moment. He was wrong in almost every guess he made. Lord Denman, on a more remarkable occasion, at the bar of the House of Lords, in the queen's case, made the same mistake upon the passage delivered before the adjournment in the middle of the first day of the defence. The objection made, that prepared passages are artificial, and disclose the preparation, is wholly groundless. In the first place, nothing can be more artificial than a speech must, in almost all cases, necessarily be, which is any thing beyond mere conversation. Next it is the diction, not the substance, which is prepared; and, finally, if the art used is shown and not concealed, the artist alone is in fault. It is hardly necessary to observe, that the Attic eloquence has been dwelt upon, and the example of the Attic orators, without reference to their language, so well adapted to all the uses as well of poetry as of prose, by its flexions, its particles, and its roots and idioms both original and enriched from other dialects. But our Saxon English, though far inferior, has great power, and is capable of much refinement in its use, keeping it pure from all undue admixture of foreign tongues, whether modern or ancient, and from barbarous coinage of new words and phrases; while its possible improvement, by the adoption of somewhat from the classical Scotch, may deserve consideration. [Note 7.]

The ancient analysis or Greek geometry, the other subject specified, well deserves diligent attention. The preference of the modern analysis, justified by its far greater power, has been found not only to supersede but unnecessarily to exclude all study of the ancient. This is very unfortunate; for the Greek geometry has eminent and, in some respects, peculiar merits. Its elegance is the object of admiration even with those most devoted to the methods that have supplanted it. The exercise which it gives to the reasoning faculties is as peculiar to its investigations as the elegance by which they are distinguished. At each step the preceding steps are kept present to the mind, and the result is arrived at, not by a mechanical operation, but by a sustained chain of rea-

soning. That it is incomparably less powerful than the algebraic geometry, which we owe to the happy suggestion of Descartes and the subsequent discovery of Newton and Leibnitz, cannot be denied. But that its powers have been much underrated is manifest from the extraordinary success of Matthew Stewart in solving problems before deemed beyond its reach, Kepler's problem and the inverse problem of centripetal forces; although it may well be questioned if he could by mere geometrical analysis have pursued these investigations had Newton's demonstration not been known to him. In one respect, however, the ancient analysis has a singular merit, the discussion of limits. Its careful exhaustive process of examining all the cases in which any solution is possible, and thus preventing all oversight, is invaluable, and might furnish suggestions of importance to the modern analyst. The remarkable error into which Newton fell in his solution of the problem—justly termed by him *longe omnium difficillimum* (of finding the comet's trajectory from three observations), could never have occurred under the ancient method; for, in discussing the limits, it would have been found that the 16th Lemma has a porismatick case, and that it is the case of the comet, a matter never observed until F. Boscovich hit upon it in 1739, all of which was known before, being that the Newtonian solution must be erroneous, because it threw the comet of that year on the wrong side of the sun. Though these merits unquestionably belong to the ancient analysis, nothing can be more inaccurate than the view sometimes taken by its admirers, that it is more strict in its demonstrations than the modern; there can be no degrees of certainty, and the proofs are absolutely certain in both.

When the study of the Greek geometry is recommended to those whose rule with the *Principia*, must be *nocturnâ versate manû, versate diurnâ*, it should be borne in mind how highly the author of that immortal work prized the ancient method of investigation, as we learn both from the internal evidence of the book itself, and from the statement of his friend and follower Halley, himself a diligent student of the Greek geometry. Let the high authority of M. Chasles be added, himself a great master of the most recent improvements of the calculus; and in this place it would be wrong to pass over the distinguished names of Wallace and Ivory, both deeply imbued with the principles of the modern analysis, and expert in their application, but diligently cultivating the ancient also. They were great analysts in all respects; and the latter the most emi-

nent mathematician that has appeared in this country since Sir I. Newton.

But these studies are less connected with the business of active life than others; the Greek geometry not at all, and the Attic oratory only important as refining the taste, and being subservient to the perfection of our own. Eloquence, however, can only in these times be worthily employed for furthering objects little known to, or if dimly perceived, little cared for by the masters of the art in ancient days: the rights of the people—the improvement of their condition—their advancement in knowledge and refinement—above all for maintaining the cause, the sacred cause, of peace at home and abroad. Suffer me to dwell somewhat upon the intimate connection of this last most important subject with the education of youth, the formation of their opinions, the cherishing of right feelings upon the merits of those whose history is taught, or who are known as contemporaries, at least as having flourished in times near our own. Historians and political reasoners, the instructors of the people, have ill discharged their duty in this most important respect. Partaking largely in the delusions of the vulgar, which they were bound to dispel, and dazzled by the spectacle of great abilities, and still more of their successful exertion, they have held up to admiration the worst enemies of mankind, the usurpers who destroyed their liberties, the conquerors who shed their blood—men who, in the pursuit of power or of fame, made no account of the greatest sufferings they could inflict on their fellow-creatures. The worst cruelty, the vilest falsehood, has not prevented the teachers of the world from bestowing the name of *Great* upon these scourgers, as if themselves belonged either to the class of ambitious warriors and intriguing statesmen, or to the herd of ordinary men whom successful crimes defrauded at once of their rights and their praises; and to this must be ascribed by far the greater part of the encouragement held out to unprincipled, profligate conduct in those who have the destinies of nations in their hands.

It is not, however, merely by abstaining from indiscriminate praise, or by dwelling with disproportioned earnestness upon the great qualities, and passing lightly over the bad ones, of eminent men, and thus leaving a false impression of their conduct, that historians err, and pervert the opinions and feelings of mankind. Even if they were to give a careful estimate of each character, and pronounce just judgment upon the whole, they would still leave by far the most important part of their duty unperformed, unless they also framed their narrative so as

to excite our interest in the worthy of past times; to make us dwell with delight on the scenes of human improvement; to lessen the pleasure too naturally felt in contemplating successful courage or skill, whensoever these are directed towards the injury of mankind; to call forth our scorn of perfidious designs, however successful; our detestation of cruel and bloodthirsty propensities, however powerful the talents by which their indulgence was secured. Instead of holding up to our admiration the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," it is the historian's duty to make us regard with unceasing delight the ease, worth, and happiness of blessed peace; he must remember that—

"Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war's."—MILTON.

And to celebrate these triumphs, the progress of science and of art, the extension and security of freedom, the improvement of national institutions, the diffusion of general prosperity, exhausting on such pure and wholesome themes, all the resources of his philosophy, all the graces of his style, giving honor to whom honor is due, withholding all incentives to misplaced interest and vicious admiration, and not merely by general remarks on men and on events, but by the manner of describing the one and recording the other, causing us to entertain the proper sentiments, whether of respect or interest, or of aversion or indifference, for the various subjects of the narrative. Consider for a moment what the perpetrators of the greatest crimes that afflict humanity propose to themselves as their reward for overrunning other countries and oppressing their own. It is the enjoyment of power, or of fame, or of both—

"He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such material acts as these,
And he can spread thy name over lands and
seas

Whatever clime the sun's broad circle warms."
—MILTON.

Unquestionably the renown of their deeds, their name being illustrious in their own day, and living after them in future ages, is, if not the uppermost thought, yet one that fills a large place in their minds. Surely, if they were well assured that every writer of genius, or even of such merit as secured his page from oblivion, and every teacher of youth, would honestly hold up to hatred and contempt acts of injustice, cruelty, treachery, whatever talents they might display, whatever success they might achieve, and that the opinions and feelings of the world would join in thus detesting, and thus scorning, it is not romantic to indulge a hope that some

practical discouragement might be given to the worst enemies of our species. That in this, as in every thing else, there is action and reaction, cannot be doubted. The existence of the popular feeling in its strength, beguiles the historian, and instead of endeavoring to reclaim, he panders to it. Sounder and better sentiments might gradually be diffused, and the bulk of mankind weaned from their fatal error, of which the heavy price is paid by themselves in the end.

It is not to be denied that the degree of reprobation due to such crimes must partially depend upon the age in which they have been committed, and the nation to which the offender belongs. It would be a gross exaggeration of feelings, right in themselves, were the same blame attached to usurpation or conquest among eastern nations as among Europeans; or among Europeans in the dark ages, as all, when calmly considering their conduct, without hesitation pronounce upon tyrants and conquerors in the present day. But one consideration, oftentimes referred to, is never to be admitted as an extenuation, much less a defence, of unjust hostilities—the propensity of man to war, called the incurable propensity by those who make no attempt to cure it. This is the very worst and most vulgar form of necessity—the denying man's free will, and impiously making Heaven the author of our guilt; but the absurdity is equal to the wickedness of the pretext. The self-same topic might be used in excuse, or in palliation of the ordinary crimes of pillage and murder; nay, might be applied as well to physical as moral evil, and given as a reason against using the lightning rod to protect us from the storm, or against taking precautions to escape the venom of the snake when his rattle warns us, or the fury of the tiger when he howls in the forest. Yet, what but the proneness of men to succumb under great genius, wickedly used, can be urged in extenuation of Napoleon's usurpation, by which he made France pay for her delivery from the anarchy and bloodshed of the republic, with the utter loss of her freedom; and in extenuation of his dreadful wars, waged to gratify an almost insane ambition, at the cost of the people's misery, and the massacre and pillage of their neighbors? From the height to which his arms had raised him of all but *emperor of the west*, and from the eminence so dearly purchased by the French, of having dictated terms to all the sovereigns in their own capitals—he and they were hurled. Twice they had the bitter mortification of receiving the law in their own capital from those they had once trampled upon; and his fate and their

humiliation was the work of headstrong passions blinding his reason, after extinguishing his humane feelings.

The latest and best historian of his reign (M. Thiers), though filled with admiration for his genius, and, as is natural to human weakness, leaning towards the hero of his tale, has been compelled to account for his downfall by six capital errors, committed through lust of dominion which no conquests could satiate, and through the caprices which, sooner or later, are sure to spring up in the soil of despotic power uncontrolled. Of these six errors, any one would have sufficed to shake, almost to subvert, his power; and every one of them had caused the destruction of thousands, the wretchedness of millions. It would only be by a perversion of all right feelings if the spectacle of his fate could excite our pity, or if we could regard his expulsion from France amidst the execrations of the people whom he had plunged into slavery, misery, and discomfiture, his attempt at self-destruction, his wretched end, a solitary prisoner in a remote island—as other than the just retribution by unexampled suffering for unexampled crimes; by the pride which had for self-indulgence humbled all others, being laid prostrate in its turn; by that wretchedness falling at length on himself, which, whensoever he had a purpose to serve, he never had hesitated to make others undergo. Let it be remembered that in every war which he waged, from his assumption of supreme power until his banishment to Elba, he was the aggressor; that each one was undertaken for his personal aggrandizement, with a thin disguise of national glory; the glory of France, of which he was not a native—and we have the measure of his guilt. The death of Engghien, the sufferings of Wright, the punishment of Palm (all proceeding from that excess of cruelty which fear is so apt to engender in a violent temper), and the tortures of Toussaint, are often dwelt upon because the fortunes of individuals, presenting a more definite object to the mind, strike our imagination and rouse our feelings more than wretchedness in larger masses, less distinctly perceived. The outrage upon religion by his declaring himself a Mahometan, to further his views in Egypt, and the equal outrage upon morality by the mingled force and fraud in his circumvention of the Spanish princes, have, in like manner, been singled out as peculiar subjects of reproach. But to the eye of calm reflection, the undertaking an unjustifiable war for a selfish purpose, or the persisting a day longer than necessary in a contest which was begun on right grounds, presents a more grievous object of contemplation, implies a

disposition more pernicious to the world, and is fitted to call down a reprobation far more severe.

The history of later times, indeed of our own country, affords a contrast to the failings and the vices which we have been viewing, and the contemplation of which may well excite sorrow for the great genius which they perverted, and abhorrence of the mischievous uses to which they turned it. Of our own illustrious captain and statesman, who defeated all Napoleon's marshals in the cause of his country and her allies, and who ended by overcoming Napoleon himself, it might not be fit to speak in this view, because, though no one can have the least doubt how he would have acted in a like position, yet he never had the opportunity of declining the assumption of power beyond the law. But in Washington we may contemplate every excellence, military and civil, applied to the service of his country and of mankind. A triumphant warrior unshaken in confidence, when the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man; voluntarily and unostentatiously retiring from supreme power with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example might never be appealed to by vulgar tyrants. It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man; and until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue, be derived, from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington.

But, though the offence is great of passing over the crimes of eminent men without duly expressing the abhorrence and contempt which they raise in all rational and virtuous minds, care must be taken to describe fully their merits, to set forth their great qualities, and to admit those good ones which are sometimes found even in wicked and wholly unprincipled men, and much more in those whose crimes are an exception to their general character. The truth of history and interests of justice require this candid statement; but it must be added, that the benefits are not inconsiderable which result from dwelling on these better parts, and impressing them on men's minds with the authority of great names which may influence some, while the mere example will arrest the attention of all. Thus the wickedness of Henry the Fifth's wars of mere plunder, and his feebleness in sacrificing Oldcastle, the most

distinguished person of the age, to the fury of the bigots whom he was courting, must ever be related with a full admission, not indeed of the benefits which our constitution derived from the costs of his expeditions requiring the popular consent to his supplies, but of his great capacity as a commander, his general sincerity and frankness, so rare in princes and statesmen of those times, and his freedom, at least, from such a stain of cruelty as attaches to the memory of his uncle, the Black Prince [Note 8], whom Mr. Hume describes as a perfect character "to the hour of his death unstained by any blamable action," suppressing the massacre of 3,000 persons of both sexes and all ages at Limoges before his face in his last illness. So the unjust and sanguinary wars of Edward III. with Scotland and France must not shut our eyes to his great talents, both in the field and in government, to the mildness of his administration, and to the improvements which he effected, both in our jurisprudence and our constitution.

When we describe the habitual fraud and falsehood of Elizabeth [Note 9], her maltreatment of Mary, and covert attempts to take her off by assassination, her sacrifice of Davison for obeying her commands for the execution in order to support her false denial of these commands,—we must at the same time commemorate her great qualities for government, by which she preserved the peace of her dominions in a season of extreme difficulty, from religious as well as political dissensions, and her allowing no influence whatever in the management of public affairs to those favorites with whom in secret she led a life of indulgence little scrutinized by most Protestant historians. But far more princes, while justly held up to reprobation for their tyranny, and to contempt for their sordid schemes carried into execution at the public expense, in fact by the plunder of their subjects, deserve just commendation for their encouragement of the arts and advancing the improvement of their country. Instead of denying all merit to Lorenzo [Note 10] dei Medici, or ascribing his munificence to vanity, we are only to lament that his accomplishments and his patronage of genius should have dazzled good men, friends of liberty as well as of letters, and blinded them to the conduct of one who enslaved his country, directed its resources by a series of fraudulent devices to his own profit, treacherously intrigued to subvert the power of his neighbors, shed the blood of his adversaries at home, sometimes by his official tools, sometimes by delivering them over to the mob, when their atrocious offences against him might have been surely visited by the law. Take even the worst of

rulers, those whose cruelty and profligacy are the detestation of all mankind—our own Richard III. and the Borgias—the former is believed upon right evidence to have committed many crimes beside those of which there can be no doubt, while just praise is not given to his capacity, his courage, and his improvement of our jurisprudence, and the mildness of his government to all but the nobles; and the Borgias have not been generally noted, as they deserved, for their talents in government, their protection of learning, and especially their promotion of the important study of jurisprudence. The caprice of historians in some sort resembles that of the vulgar, either struck by signal turpitude and regarding it as pervading generally and excluding all exception, or only viewing the exception and making it the rule of decision. A Borgia is held incapable of any good of any kind, a Lorenzo incapable of evil. Nothing can tend more to keep men in ignorance than such exaggerations; and they have the hurtful effect of intercepting the instruction which a contemplation of the real state of the facts in each case is fitted to impart.

The ills that have proceeded from the great scourge of later days have been adverted to, as well as the mischievous effects of the admiration which he excited, and which unhappily has not ceased to inspire the people whom he most injured. But some of his great qualities it would be impossible to admire too much; and though his genius may be pronounced inimitable, in some things his example may be followed, and therefore it is fit that these should be recorded. There is indeed an obvious expediency in dwelling rather upon qualities the example of which may lead to imitation, than upon genius however calculated to command admiration. Genius, which consists in the rare gifts of rich fancy, perception of resemblances, and differences not apparent to ordinary minds, but admitted by all as soon as suggested, quick and sure judgment, and the power of not only abstracting the attention from all objects save one, but of directing it and concentrating upon that one. This is what we call genius: the gift of very few, and the works of which are to be admired at an awful distance. The ordinary qualities which a diligent study and a fixed desire to excel may place more or less within the reach of all, are most fit to be recommended by the example and success of distinguished individuals. Of these Napoleon possessed two in an eminent degree; they can never be sufficiently kept in mind, and they are of universal application,—the strict economy of time, in compliance with the maxim, "Take care of the minutes, the hours will

take care of themselves," and the habit of invariably mastering the whole of whatever subject or part of a subject he considered himself interested in being acquainted with. The captain who carried him to Elba expressed to me his astonishment at his precise, and as it were familiar, knowledge of all the minute details connected with the ship. I heard from one engaged in the great Helvetic mediation, 1802, that though the deputies soon found how hopeless they were of succeeding with the First Consul, yet they felt themselves defeated in the long discussion by one more thoroughly master of all the details of the complicated question than they could have believed it possible for any foreigner to become. My illustrious friend, the Duke of Wellington, had a like consummate acquaintance with whatever subject he was called upon to consider practically. Among others, may be mentioned his applying himself at once to the most minute details of any matters, however remote from his professional pursuits, as I have heard Lord Glenelg describe with wonder his becoming familiar in a few days with the whole of a complicated question respecting the navigation of the Euphrates, when his lordship was minister for India; and then all military men knew how thoroughly the duke understood the whole details of regimental economy and discipline; which Napoleon did not so well know, because he cared not so much for the comforts of his men, nor was at all sparing of their lives (a principal object at all times with the duke); but he had a knowledge almost preternatural of the place where each corps, or even company, of his vast armies was to be found at any given time, because this was intimately connected with the use he might make of what he somewhat unfeelingly termed the "*raw material*." These examples of the rule which forbids superficial knowledge absolutely, and prescribes going to the bottom of any subject, or such part of any subject, as we intend to learn, give it the sanction of both those eminent men's experience, and show that it is recommended by their invariable success.

The effect of action and reaction upon the historian and the multitude has been adverted to. As regards the actors in the affairs of the world it is not to be overlooked; and it may even afford some extenuation of their faults. The multitude are in a measure the accomplices, if not the instigators, of those who for selfish objects, betray their interests, and work their misery or their ruin. Seduced by the spectacle of triumphant force, stricken with wonder at the mere exercise of great faculties with great success, men withdraw their eyes from the means by which the ends are attained, and lose their natural

hatred of wickedness in their admiration of genius and their sense of power. It is truly a disinterested admiration, for they themselves pay the price; and their oppression, with every suffering that misgovernment can inflict, is the result of the cruelty which they did not abhor, the meanness which they did not scorn when dazzled with the false lustre shed over detestable or despicable deeds of brilliant capacity crowned with victory. Napoleon knew how safely he might rely upon this delusion, and he knew that the people whom he enslaved and ruined were intoxicated with the glory which he gained and for which they so heavily paid. In one respect, at least, he was less to blame than they; he faced the danger, if he witnessed the miseries of war; while they, in perfect safety, upheld him in his course to make the country unprofitably powerful by the slaughter of thousands and the misery of millions. Surely, surely, a most sacred duty is imposed upon the teachers of mankind, whether historians who record or reasoners who comment upon events, to exert all their powers for weaning them from this fatal delusion—to mark, as their worst enemies, those who would cherish the feelings of mutual aversion or jealousy between nations connected by near neighborhood, which makes hostility most pernicious, and friendly intercourse most beneficial—and, above all, unceasingly to impress upon their minds the contrast between the empty renown of war, with its unspeakable horrors, and the solid glory of peace, as real as its blessings are substantial. It is said that the present ruler of France returned from his successful campaign impressed with a deep sense of these horrors, and that his wise devotion to the peaceful improvement of the country has been stimulated by the recollection of the scenes he had witnessed. Let us hope and trust that no vile flatterer will ever succeed in tempting him to abandon his course, and that he will join all virtuous and rational men in discountenancing the feelings which under his predecessor were productive of such misery to France and to the world—feelings which imposed and still impose upon all neighboring nations the heavy cost of unceasing watchfulness and preparation.

It is not enough, however, that the instructors of the people, and especially of youth, avoid propagating dangerous errors, and implanting, or encouraging in their growth, feelings hostile to the best interests of mankind. Their duty is to inculcate principles and cherish sentiments having the direct tendency to promote human happiness. Now the wisdom of ancient times, though it dealt largely with the subject of our passions, and generally with the nature of man in the ab-

strait, never stooped to regard as worthy of consideration the rights, the comforts, and the improvement of the community at large. The people were appealed to when advantage could be taken of their prejudices, or their feelings could be excited for a particular purpose; their advancement in knowledge and refinement was little regarded; and he who devoted himself to rendering them real service, was viewed as going out of the ordinary path, and seeking glory in a singular and fantastic way; "*Vide quæso*" says Cicero, addressing Julius Cæsar, "*ne tua divina virtus admirationis plus sit habitura quam gloria, si quidem gloria est illustris et per vagata multorum et magnorum, vel in suos, vel in patriam, vel in omne genus hominum fama meritorum*" (pro MARCELLO, viii). The space was supposed impassable which separates the vulgar from the philosopher and the statesman. They were not even regarded as much above the brutes which perish; "*Simul sapientibus placet*" says Tacitus, "*non cum corpore extinguuntur MAGNÆ ANIMÆ*." A sounder philosophy and a purer religion have in modern times entirely abolished all such distinctions; and to consult the interests and promote the improvement in every way of the great body of the people is not only the object of all rational men's efforts, but the best title to public respect, and the direct road to fame. The instructors of youth have thus devolved upon them the duty of directing the minds of their pupils towards the most important purposes which their acquirements can serve to promote—the diffusion of knowledge among the people, and their general improvement, inculcating the grand lesson of morals as well as of wisdom, that whatever they learn, of whatever accomplishments they become possessed—in a word, all their acquired talents as much as their natural gifts, are a trust held for the benefit not more of themselves than of their fellow-creatures, and of the use whereof they shall one day have to render a strict account. The impressions left on the mind in early years are so lively that they last through life; and when partially effaced by other studies, or by the cares of the world, they still exert some influence, and may often be found far more than is supposed to modify the counteracting or neutralizing influences which they cannot resist. This undoubted truth is not the less important for being often admitted, though there is reason to fear oftener admitted than acted upon in practice.

The difference between ancient times and modern in one great particular cannot be too constantly kept before the eyes of youth, the difference arising from the art of printing, and its important effects, the discussion of all questions by written addresses to much

greater numbers than can attend public meetings. The orator has thus a fellow-laborer, it may be a supporter or an opponent, but certainly a rival in the author, who no longer, as of old, addresses a select few, at a different time, perhaps long after the occasion of the discussion, but addresses the same persons who form the orator's audience, and vast numbers besides, nearly at the same time and in the same circumstances. It is needless to observe how incalculably this increases the importance of the literary class of the community, and this never can be too deeply impressed upon the student. All the heavy responsibility which rests on this class, should be unceasingly dwelt upon; nor can there be a more fit thing than to cite the words of Mirabeau, who held the literary character in the highest estimation, glorying in the name of author, proud, and not ashamed of receiving the wages of his labor necessary for his support, albeit of a house more under the dominion of family pride than any in France—to the excess of denying their relationship with the great engineer who belonged to their race (Riqueti), and conferred more real glory upon them than all its other members. Mirabeau thus apostrophizes literary men:—

"Ah! s'ils se dévouaient légalement au noble métier d'être utiles! Si leur indomptable amour propre pouvait composer avec lui-même, et sacrifier la gloriole à la dignité! Si au lieu de s'avilir, de s'entre déclarer réciproquement leur influence, ils réunissaient leurs efforts et leurs travaux pour terrasser l'ambition qui usurpe l'imposteur qui égare, le lâche qui se vend; si méprisant le vil métier de gladiateurs littéraires, ils se croissaient en véritables frères d'armes contre les préjugés; le mensonge, le charlatanisme, la tyrannie, de quelque genre qu'elle soit, en moins d'un siècle la face de la terre serait changée."

"Ah! would they but devote themselves honestly to the noble art of being useful! if their indomitable vanity would compound with itself, and sacrifice fame to dignity! if, instead of vilifying one another, and tearing one another in pieces, and mutually destroying their influence, they would combine their exertions and their labors to overthrow the ambitious who usurps, the impostor who deceives, the base who sells himself; if, scorning the vile vocation of literary gladiators, they banded themselves like true brethren in arms against prejudice, falsehood, quackery, tyranny, of whatever description, in less than a century the whole face of the earth would be changed!"

It is pleasing, it is also useful, to reflect upon the tendency of academical studies to pierce beyond our walls, and by means of popular assemblies, and the press, to spread over the people the knowledge here acquired. Not only have the lectures occasionally delivered by our professors beyond the pre-

cincts had the happiest effects upon the middle classes, but they have extended to the working men. It was indeed a pupil of this university (Dr. Birkbeck), afterwards transferred to a quasi collegiate chair at Glasgow, who, sixty years ago, made the great step of lecturing upon scientific subjects to the working classes. In the town where Watt, in his workshop, applied, in philosophical principle, the knowledge he had learned from Black, to the construction of the great engine which has almost changed the face of the world, the attempt was most appropriately made and with complete success, to demonstrate that the highest intellectual cultivation, and a keen relish for the sublime truths of science, is compatible with the daily toil and cares of our humbler brethren. A further encouragement to the spread of such studies has been recently given by the English universities in bestowing honors of a class subordinate to academical, after due examination. There can be no doubt that we shall follow so admirable an example.

The instructors of youth have no more important duty than to inculcate the great truth ever through life worthy of a large share in the guidance of our conduct, that it is beneficence rather than benevolence—at least benevolence shown in beneficence—which can be regarded as a virtue, and entitled to confidence and respect. Mere good dispositions, unless guided by good judgment, may be admired as amiable, but must be barren of good fruit, and may even produce evil. Charity, ill bestowed, may prove more hurtful than selfishness; and they who have impoverished themselves, or their heirs, may find others yet more injured by their ignorance or errors, as gifts bestowed with the best intentions have been found to promote the immorality and propagate the diseases which they were designed to prevent. Foundling and small-pox hospitals, both in England and Ireland, and on the continent, are the proofs. But where the will to serve mankind unites with the knowledge how to serve them—where the will is followed by the deed, and the desire to do good is gratified at a personal sacrifice—there can be no greater merit in the eyes of men, nor any, let us humbly affirm, more fitted to obtain the approval of Heaven. It is bountifully ordered that such conduct shall even in this life be rewarded both by an approving conscience and by the delight which the reflection affords. But generous acts are limited by our means, and we can only, in a few instances, have this enjoyment. I have known a small circle of persons who made a point of doing some act of kindness to individuals daily—that is daily on an average—keeping

what was termed a *Titus' account*, from the Roman emperor who deemed every day lost in which some deed of mercy or favor had not been done. But such indulgences are confined by our circumstances, or our necessary avocations. Then let us compound by acts which have a beneficial tendency on a larger scale, and give whole classes of our fellow-creatures cause to bless our name.

Such is the duty, and such ought to be the pleasure, of all men, each in his station; and at every age, from the entrance into active life down to its close, even of those whose years make it necessary to relax, though by no means to give up their labors. From an entire discontinuance of work they would vainly seek repose,—

"The want of occupation is not rest;

A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

—COWPER.

In former times it was very usual for those whose lives had been passed in camps or courts, wearied with the turmoil and anxieties of war, or the busy restlessness of intrigue, to seek repose in the cloister in

"The deep solitudes and awful cells."

where they fancied that

"Heavenly pensive meditation dwells;"

and fondly hoped, by superstitious observances, to efface their own memory of evil deeds, or to propitiate Heaven by mortifications which tormented themselves, and benefited no one. Even many whose course had been blameless, and who had only to lament the advance of age unfitting them for active life, sought the cloistered shade with the same design of enjoying rest and seeking the divine favor by unprofitable service. In our day a wiser and more virtuous course is taken by those who are no longer able to perform all the duties which had exhausted the strength of their youth. They still feel able to contribute their share, though far less than they could wish, to the service of mankind. They trust that their solacing themselves with classical reminiscences may be pardoned to their period of life, as well as the prolixity of spirits which attends it; and at any rate, they can abstain from hurtful and degrading indulgences, and from the indulgence of inaction and indolence as degrading, if less hurtful.

"Pieris pollent studiis, multoque redundant
Eloquio; nec desidiis, dapibusve paratis
Indulgere juvat; nec tanta licentia vitæ
Abripit, aut mo res tns lascivia relaxat;
Sed gravibus curis animus sortita senilem,
Ignea longæva frænatur corde juvenis.

—Claud. *Prob. con.*

If in action good intentions avail nothing without deeds, and even deeds are of no merit,

however well meant, unless wisely done, so opinions as opinions, and without reference to actions, are of no value except for their truth, their soundness; and this is alone to be regarded in their adoption. Their favor with man, their subserviency to a particular purpose, their accordance with a prevailing prejudice, their striking novelty and originality or repugnance to commonly received doctrines—are all wholly extraneous to that which alone must be considered in our inquiries, and especially in our teaching. Their truth or falsehood is ever to be regarded, and nothing else. But in the same degree in which the pursuit of truth must be the sole object, so is the bearing entirely with those who dissent from us a paramount duty; indeed the one position is involved in the other. We cannot be in search of truth alone, but in pursuit of something else, if we do not allow others to hold their opinions, however different from ours. The difference can only be the ground of our disapproving or pitying, but on no account of blaming. If they have honestly formed their opinions upon whatever subject, moral, political, or religious, they may be blamed for the misconduct of the understanding, but not for the opinions, however erroneous, to which it has led them. To God they are responsible, not to man, and in proportion to the importance of the subject is the responsibility heavy; on the subject of religion, therefore, heaviest of all, because then even carelessness, oversight, is criminal; deeply to be blamed by men, though not to be punished, and in the sight of God one of the gravest offences. It is strange how great in all ages has been the confusion of ideas on this subject, and greatest upon matters where it was most hurtful—religious opinion. Men justly regarded these, as of all others, the most important, and error the most to be deplored; and that every temporal consideration was comparatively insignificant. But they also supposed that belief was under the absolute and immediate control of the will, and therefore, having the power, they drew the inference that they had not only a right, but a duty to exercise their power in compelling the unbeliever or destroying him, as Louis IX. (St. Louis) the mildest and most conscientious of princes (but whose fanaticism cost the lives of thousands as well as his own) held it the duty of a true knight when he met unbelievers not to reason with them, but put them to death. So little could he have opened his mind to comprehend, much less to embrace the doctrine of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, delivered by him as that of all rational men—"No man can change his opinion when he will, and using force may make a hypocrite but never a right believer."

Louis might have found the same doctrine in the fathers of his church, in St. Ambrose, and also in St. Gregory, who expressly declares that no man is to be hated for his error any more than error is to be loved for the sake of those who hold it. [Note 11.] All intolerance of every kind proceeds from the same confusion of ideas, the more mischievous because oftentimes perfectly honest; from that of St. Louis and of the Inquisition down to the milder form of attaching civil disqualifications to religious opinions, and even to political when they have at some periods been connected with religious belief. The prejudices and gross errors in which such persecution in all its forms originates, cannot be too carefully guarded against in practice, or too fully exposed in teaching.

The sound doctrines on all subjects of moral, political, and theological science at all times taught within these walls, have established the character of the University upon a solid foundation. But it is not to be forgotten that injury to the cause of truth has been done by a very eminent person in whose great capacity and celebrity this city takes a just pride, how much soever his talents may have been misapplied; and it well becomes the instructors of youth strenuously to counteract the influence of David Hume, both on account of the incalculable importance of the subjects on which he was misled, and also in respect of a far less material circumstance, the disposition of ignorant persons in other countries to represent him as having promoted an infidel school or sect in Scotland. It is fit on this point that the truth should be plainly spoken,—Mr. Hume was not a sceptic either in his political or his religious errors. His opinions were perfectly decided when they could be held upon positive or affirmative positions; and as decided as any that could be held upon mere negations. He was the adversary of popular rights, and the ally of the English High Church party against these rights, widely as he differed from all churches upon the grounds of their belief and upon the foundations of their power. He was upon all religion, both natural and revealed, a disbeliever rather than an unbeliever, rejecting the evidence of the former and declaring it to be wholly insufficient to prove the existence of a Deity or the immortality of the soul, and holding the statements upon which the latter rests to be not only false but impossible. This is not scepticism, but dogmatism. It is the assertion that of a miracle there *can* be no proof; that of a God and future state there is no proof, no reason whatever for believing it. This then is atheism, as much as any person of sound mind can hold the opinion; and this ought constantly to be exposed as such

and refuted. Fortunately there are the means of triumphant refutation; for the whole argument of Mr. Hume rests upon an entire misconception of the nature of inductive reasoning; and it is not too much to affirm that if he had ever attended to any branch of natural philosophy, he could not have fallen into so manifest an error. There is no one part of the argument which would not destroy all inductive science. All generalization would be put an end to; experimental inquiries must stand still; no step could be made, no conclusion drawn beyond the mere facts observed; and the science must be turned from the process of general reasoning upon particular facts, into the bare record of those particular facts themselves. The late discoveries in fossil osteology afford additional proof of Mr. Hume's hasty assumption both on the question of a Providence and on that of miracles. It is now proved by evidence which he must have admitted to be sufficient, that at one remote period in the history of our globe there was an exertion of creative power to form the human and certain other races not before existing; so that he must have believed in the miracle of creation, that is, the interposition of a being powerful enough to suspend the established order of things, and make a new one. The argument rests on the same grounds as to a future state, in so far as he denies the proof of a power to continue the soul apart from the body. But there is this material difference in the evidence that our induction is conclusive as to the existence of the Deity and the independent and separate nature of the soul, but only proves the probability of its continued existence. Its entirely different nature from matter as shown in the quickness of its operations; its independence of the body proved by the faculties sometimes becoming stronger as the body decays; above all, its surviving the complete change of the body, so that hardly a particle of the corporeal frame remains, while the mind continues unchanged, unless perhaps by gaining strength—all demonstrate its different constitution and its independent existence; and as there is no one example of annihilation in the universe, what is termed destruction being only dissolution and new combination—and the soul, from the singleness of its nature, without parts, being incapable of such destruction, we are left to infer, from the prevalence of benevolent design in all the Creator's works that he will continue what he has formed, and so largely endowed and bountifully cherished.

It is not perhaps just to consider Mr. Hume's unfortunate views as adopted from the desire to take a line different from the commonly received opinions, though the

force of this temptation to a young author may be naturally enough suspected. But that his political prejudices biassed his mind can hardly be doubted. He had formed the worst opinion of the Commonwealth-men in the seventeenth century and of their successors, the Whigs in his own day; and the fanaticism of the former gave him a prejudice against their religious principles, like that of the Tories and Freethinkers in Queen Anne's time. His inaccuracy as an historian, from his Tory prejudices and his habitual carelessness, is now universally admitted; indeed even where he had no bias of opinion and feeling to mislead him, that inaccuracy appears manifest, as in the suppression of all mention of the Limoges massacre, when describing the Black Prince's whole conduct through life as without a stain. Of the like carelessness in some instances, and prejudice in others, his writings on religious subjects give constant proofs. The entire misapplication [Note 12] of Archbishop Tillotson's argument on the real presence is one instance; and the perversion or ignorance of inductive science is another; to which may be added his failing to observe that the argument against miracles would apply to cases of testimony which may be put as quite decisive, and which he himself must admit. The admirable style of this great author, and his acuteness and ingenuity have, in his religious and historical works, only served for the propagation of error; and the contrast is very remarkable which they present to his writings on subjects of which he had made himself master, and on which he had no bias to mislead him. In his political discourses, when he was only in search of truth, and uninfluenced by the authority of great names, or the dominion of popular prejudice, or the clamors of particular interests, he first unfolded and enforced the sound principles which guide the commercial policy of modern times. It would be impossible too highly to commend these discourses, or too steadily to keep in view the cause of their superiority to his other works.

Greatly as this celebrated writer is to be blamed for the rashness of his speculations, and his yielding to the bias which appears to have influenced him in these and other inquiries, he is almost entirely free from the charge justly made against Voltaire and his contemporaries, some of them, as Voltaire himself, mere Deists, of treating these matters with ridicule, or ribaldry, or with a levity wholly unsuited to the sacred subject; and fitted only to inflict pain upon conscientious believers. With the exception of a sentence or two in the essay on miracles, his writings preserve the most unbroken gravity, indeed all the seriousness which is so becom-

ing. The same praise belongs to Rousseau, who indeed was a reluctant unbeliever, but he had none of the reasoning power which Hume possessed, so that his unbelief is less to be censured.

It has been deemed necessary to state these things respecting Mr. Hume, in order that his authority may be reduced to its just dimensions, and especially with young men led away by his great name and his incontestably great merits in some important particulars.

But besides counteracting that influence, the studies themselves in which he has been the promoter of error, are of such vast importance, one of them the most momentous of all, that no pains can be deemed too great, no care too unremitting, to exclude false doctrine, and inculcate sound opinions.

Nor is it only in teaching divinity, technically so called, in unfolding the truths of revealed religion that this duty can be discharged. The great doctrines of natural theology demand the closest attention, and afford the most valuable support to the teachers of the revealed word. Nothing can be more groundless than the jealousy sometimes felt, but oftener professed, of natural religion by the advocates of revealed. Bacon, who had his prejudices on the subject of final causes occasioned by the abuse of that doctrine, describes natural religion as "the key of revealed, which," as he says, "opens our understanding to the genuine spirit of the Scriptures, unlocking our belief so that we may enter upon the serious contemplation of the Divine power, the characters of which are so deeply engraven in the works of the creation." (*De Dig. et Ang. Lib. I.*) Newton has said, "*De Deo de quo utique ex phenomenonis disserere ad philosophiam naturalem pertinet.*" (*Principia, Schol. gen.*) Locke declares that he who would take away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both, as if we should persuade a man to put out his eyes the better to receive "the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope" (*Hum. Underst. iv. 19-4*); and Tillotson, in his great sermon preached before the king and queen upon the occasion of the naval victory in 1672, affirms that "the principles of natural religion are the foundation of that which is revealed."

It is therefore most desirable that a line of demarcation should not be drawn by the teachers of revealed religion, so as to exclude from their province the great truths of natural religion, as the subject of deep and continual attention, and the teachers of the latter, and of moral philosophy generally, ought to be less shy than, unlike Paley, they too often are, of a reference to the truths of the Gospel dispensation. That dispensation

may be safely rested upon its own proofs; but should the weight of authority be required in its favor, we may assuredly ask if any one can pretend to be a better judge of physical and mathematical evidence than Sir Isaac Newton; of moral evidence than Mr. Locke; of legal evidence than Lord Hale, all of whom, and after full inquiry, were firm believers of the Gospel truths. But not only is the habit to be deplored, of drawing a line between theology and the other branches of learning; it is equally necessary that no line should be drawn between these and natural religion. There is hardly any head of philosophy which is not connected with it; and these sciences, as well as natural religion, must gain, by keeping this connection constantly in view, and not considering that to treat of the one subject we must go out of the other. The wonders of the natural world have in all ages been dwelt upon, as showing the hand of the Creator and Preserver at every step of our inquiries; and each new discovery has added to the devout confidence of the student; for instance, the late discovery of the law of the stability [Note 12] of the universe, so little suspected before our day, that men argued on the necessity of interference to retain the planets in their paths, has thus afforded a very striking illustration of the rational optimism, which is the best solution of the ancient, but constantly recurring question—"ποθεν το κακον."

Thus, then, natural theology stands at the head of all sciences for the sublime and elevating nature of its objects. It tells of the creation of all things, of the mighty power that fashioned and sustains the universe, of the exquisite skill that contrived the wings and beaks and feet of insects invisible to the naked eye, and that lighted the lamp of day, and launched into space comets myriads of times larger than the earth, whirling ten thousand times swifter than a cannon ball, and two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron. It passes the bounds of material existence, and raises us from the creation to the Author of nature. Its office is not only to mark what things are, but for what purpose they were made by the infinite wisdom of an all-powerful Being, with whose existence and attributes its high prerogative is to bring us acquainted. If we prize, and justly, the delightful contemplations of the other sciences; if we hold it a marvellous gratification to have ascertained exactly the swiftness of the remotest planets, the number of grains that a piece of lead would weigh at their surface, and the degree in which each has become flattened in shape by revolving on its axis; it is surely a yet more noble employment of our faculties, and a still higher privilege of

our nature, humbly but confidently to ascend from the universe to its great First Cause, and investigate the unity, the personality, the intentions, as well as the matchless skill and mighty power of Him who made and moves and sustains those prodigious bodies, and all that inhabit them. But moral science lends liberally the same lights, and bestows the same enjoyments. For He also created the mind of man, bestowed upon him a thinking, a reasoning, and a feeling nature, placed him in a universe of wonders, endowed him with faculties to comprehend them, and to rise by his meditations to a knowledge of their Divine cause. The connection of attention with memory, the help furnished by the influence of curiosity and the force of habit; the uses to which the feelings and the passions are subservient, as love to the continuance of the race, the affections to the rearing of it, hope to encourage and sustain, fear to protect from danger, all the instincts of all creatures, in some acting with a marvellous accuracy such as reason could not surpass [Note 14], and all perfectly suited to the position of the individuals—these are not more marvels of the Divine skill than of the benevolence which pervades all creation, moral as well as material. But societies of men, man in his social capacity, is the special object of divine love, *nihil est principi illi Deo qui omnem hunc mundum regit, quod quidem in terris fiat acceptius, quam concilia catusque hominum jure sociati, quæ civitates appellantur*; the same pleasing and useful consequences result from the study of man in his social as in his individual capacity, and from a contemplation of the structure and the functions of the political world—the nice adaptation of our species for the social state; the increase of our powers as well as the multiplications of our comforts and our enjoyments by union of purpose and of action; the subserviency of the laws governing the structure and motions of the material world to the uses of man in the state of society, the tendency of his mental faculties and moral feelings to further the progress of social improvement; the predisposition of political combinations, even in unfavorable circumstances, to produce good, and the inherent powers by which evil is avoided, compensated, and repaired; the singular laws, partly physical and partly moral, by which the numbers of mankind are maintained and the balance of the sexes preserved with unerring certainty—these form only a portion of the marvels to which the eyes of the political observer are pointed, and by which his attention is arrested; for there is hardly any one political arrangement which by its structure and functions, does not shed a light on the capacities of human

nature, and illustrate the power and the wisdom of the Providence to which man looks up as his Maker and Preserver.

But most important, and, to our feeble nature, most consolatory, is the impression, which all our study of this vast subject leaves, of perfect wisdom being accompanied by constant benevolence. This is declared by all the works around us, and is deeply felt in all the sentiments of our mind. We find everywhere proofs that we live under a Ruler who, unlike human lawgivers, far oftener proclaims rewards than denounces punishments. Furthermore, it is a general rule, and would be found absolute and universal if our knowledge embraced the whole system, that while pleasure is held out to induce, much more than pain to deter, the pleasure is beyond what would suffice; there is gratification more than requisite; and this can only be because the Giver of good delights in the happiness of his creatures. Such contemplations at once gratify a scientific curiosity, and afford a moral indulgence; they prove that the awful Being, of whose existence we are made certain, and whom we know as our Creator, is the Good Being by whose preserving care we are cherished, “the greatness of whose mercy reacheth unto the heavens, His truth above the clouds;” and sentiments of piety and devotion arise to fill our minds which he alone can reject who has the faith of Epicurus and the feelings of a Stoic.

The thorough exposing of these truths, and dwelling unceasingly upon them, is not required for supporting the character of this famous University; but it must afford pure delight, both to the teacher and the pupil. Above all, is the necessity of making upon the mind of early youth an impression which never can wear out by lapse of time, or be effaced by the rival influences of other contemplations, or be obliterated by the cares of the world. The lessons thus learned, and the feelings engendered or cherished, will shed their auspicious influence over the mind through life; protecting against the seductions of prosperous fortune, solacing in affliction, preparing for the great change that must close the scene, by habitual and confident belief in the “King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God,” and the humble hope of immortality which the study of His works has inspired, and which the gracious announcements of His revealed word abundantly confirm.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

THE case of *Somerset* the negro was on a *Habeas corpus*, in the Court of King's Bench in 1772. But it only decided that a master could

not carry his slave out of the country. Lord Mansfield states the question to be on the validity of the return to the writ, namely, that he was kept on board the vessel to be sold abroad, and this being held insufficient, he was discharged. The clear and unhesitating opinion of York, Attorney General (afterwards Lord Hardwick), and of Talbot, Solicitor General, (afterwards Lord Talbot), had been given many years before denying that a slave became free on coming into the British dominions. The case of *Knight v. Wedderburn*, in Scotland six years after, first decided the general question which had been raised in the case of *Shedon*, a negro, eleven years before, but was not disposed of by the Court, the negro having died while the discussion went on.

In England, therefore, it had only been determined that a slave could not be carried out of the country back to the Colonies by his master. But in Scotland it was first declared by judicial decision that he was in all respects whatever free.

NOTE II.

The early history of the universities, Oxford and Cambridge, is very obscure, and therefore matter of controversy. That of the two towns is somewhat less doubtful, though by no means certain. Oxford at the Conquest had about two hundred and fifty houses able to pay the tax to the Domesday Survey, the rest, nearly twice as many, being in a ruined and decayed state. Its first charter as a University is in 28 Henry III. A. D. 1244. But Merton College, the earliest, had been founded above two centuries earlier, in the Confessor's time. The alleged foundation by Alfred, towards the end of the ninth century, is fabulous, but there was a great resort of scholars there, and he probably patronized the schools. Cambridge at the Conquest had not three hundred houses. The first charter to the University was in 15 Henry III. 1231; and the earliest foundation of a college, that of Peterhouse, was a good deal later, in 1257. But there was, as at Oxford, a seat of learning much earlier, probably in the seventh century. The number of pupils attending these seats of learning in the more early times is quite unknown. In the times somewhat later, as in the eleventh and thirteenth centuries, there are most exaggerated accounts in some authors. Thus, *Wood, altrem*, *Ox.* i. 266, quoting a M. V. chronicle, gives 30,000 as attending *temp.* Henry III., and 15,000 at the time of the foundation of Merton two hundred years before. But though these are manifestly gross exaggerations, it is certain that a vast many more students must have resorted thither than the village could accommodate.

NOTE III.

Barrow's method of tangents certainly was a near approach to the differential calculus; indeed, Montuila regards it as a distinct anticipation of the calculus. But Furmat and Cavalleri had preceded him on the same ground. Barrow was a profound theologian, and devoted much time to the subject. His sermons were rather treatises than discourses, but his eloquence

was remarkable. The length of his sermons was extraordinary, — often an hour and a half, and sometimes much more; and once he delivered a discourse of between three and four hours.

Furmat, beside his method of finding the sub-tangent, has given the rule of neglecting the powers above the first of very small quantities, as indefinitely inconsiderable compared with those first powers. It is therefore not to be wondered at, that Lagrange and La Place should have regarded him as the real inventor of the calculus. His name stands high among the great magistrates of France, and his correspondence with Gassendi, Pascal, and others, is full of acute and profound observations on subjects of various kinds.

Voltaire came near the discovery of latent heat, and the composition of the atmosphere as shown in the calcination of metals and the support of flame. In his prize memoir on fire, he says distinctly, that heat is the cause not only of the fluidity of liquids, but of gaseous, or permanent elasticity; and he remarks on the temperature of two liquids mixed, being less than might be expected from their temperatures when separate. Upon the calcination of metals he suggests the probability of the increased weight of the calx arising from some matter diffused in the air, and that any other operation by which the calx receives an increase of weight, probably is from the same source, and not from the matter of heat. — See *Acad. des Sciences, Prix*, tom. iv. p. 169.

NOTE IV.

Leibnitz's two papers in the Leipsig *Acta Eruditorum*, 1689, and his manner of referring to the abstract of the *Principia*, which he had read before writing them, clearly show that the one on the heavenly bodies (*Tentamen de Motuum Caelestium Causis*), was only in consequence of Sir I. Newton's successful investigation of the subject having been previously known to him, and that even if we admit his solution not to have been taken from the Newtonian (which Sir Isaac himself believed it had), still that Leibnitz never would even have attempted it, but for his knowledge of Newton's success and his having seen the Abstract, which is now universally believed to have been made by Sir Isaac himself. — *Biot, Journal des Savans*, 1852.

NOTE V.

That Bacon possessed in no degree the power of applying his own principles to physical science is undeniable. Even the inquiry respecting heat is sufficient to prove this; for it is only a collection of facts and some suggestions of experiment or observation, and no conclusions are drawn from them. The *Sylva Sylvarum* is throughout a work of hasty induction, superficial examination of facts, and most fanciful theories; it shows an entire disregard of his own rules of philosophizing. But even in his great work, the *De Augmentis*, we find the most startling positions. He considers that the nature of angels and spirits may be investigated scientifically, including the nature of demons or unclean spirits, to which he assigns in this branch of science the same place that poisons hold in physics, and

vices in ethics. (*Lib. ii. c. 2.*) Divination from dreams and ecstasies, and death-bed glimpses, he treats as a science deserving of cultivation, though he cautions us against sorcery, or the practice of witchcraft. (*Lib. ii. c. 2; iv. c. 3.*) He complains of treatises in natural history, "being swelled with figures of animals, and other superfluous matter;" and of mathematics controlling natural philosophy, instead of serving as her handmaid. (*Lib. iii. c. 6.*)

It must have been some extraordinary misinformation that could make Frederick Schlegel describe Bacon as having "made and completed many important discoveries, and apparently having had a dim and imperfect foresight of many others." (*Lectures on the Hist. of Literature, Sch. xiii.*) There is some truth in the latter part of this statement; in the former, absolutely none. That he suggested experiments and observations which in other hands have proved fruitful, may be affirmed, but not of the fanciful inferences which he supposed; and in a few instances, he anticipated future discoveries, as that of radiant heat plainly indicated in *Nov. Org. Lib. ii. c. 12.*

NOTE VI.

Leonardo da Vinci had the happiest genius for physical science experimentally investigated, and for the mixed mathematics particularly. He almost anticipated Torricelli, and certainly was acquainted with the weight of the atmosphere. He made considerable progress in hydraulics. He came so near isoperimetrical investigations as to be aware that bodies descend quicker in the arc than in the chord, though he has not given the demonstration. He invented the camera-obscura and the hygrometer. He states that the air which supports flame is also respirable. These and others of his anticipations are treated of in M. Libri's able and learned work, "*Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie*," liv. ii., and more fully in Venturi's "*Essais sur les ouvrages Physico-Mathématiques de Leonardo da Vinci*," founded upon his MS. which remain, and are now in the Imperial Library at Paris. It is further to be noted that Leonardo da Vinci wrote in favor of inductive science, and on experimental inquiries as alone deserving the attention of men engaged in the study of natural philosophy.

NOTE VII.

The pure and classical language of Scotland must on no account be regarded as a provincial dialect, any more than French was so regarded in the reign of Henry V., or Italian in that of the first Napoleon, or Greek under the Roman empire. Nor is it to be in any manner of way considered as a corruption of the Saxon; on the contrary, it contains much of the old and genuine Saxon, with an intermixture from the Northern nations, as Danes and Norse, and some, though a small portion from the Celtic. But in whatever way composed, or from whatever sources arising, it is a national language, used by the whole people in their early years, by many learned and gifted persons throughout life, and in which are written the laws of the

Scotch, their judicial proceedings, their ancient history, above all, their poetry.

There can be no doubt that the English language would greatly gain by being enriched with a number both of words and of phrases, or turns of expression now peculiar to the Scotch. It was by such a process that the Greek became the first of tongues, as well written as spoken. Nor can it be for a moment admitted that the Scotch has less claim to this partial adoption than the Doric had to mingle with the Ionian, or the Æolic with the Attic. Indeed, of Æolic works there are none, while there is a whole body of Scotch classics. Had Theocritus lived before any poet like Pindar made frequent use of the new Doric, his exquisite poems, so much tinged with Sicilian, must have given that dialect admission into the pure Greek. Indeed, Pindar, himself Boeotian, and naturally disposed to use the old Doric, had recourse to the new for its force of expression, probably as much as he would have done had he, like Theocritus, been a Sicilian, as Moschus did, who belonged to those colonies in Asia Minor, the cradle of the language and literature of Greece. It must be observed, that when we refer to the free admission of various dialects into the classical language of Greece, we should bear in mind the peculiar fastidiousness of the Attic taste, and its scrupulous rejection of all barbarisms and all solecisms—all words in languages not purely Greek, and all turns of expression arising from a corruption of that pure tongue.

Would it not afford means of enriching and improving the English language, if full and accurate glossaries of approved Scotch words and phrases—those successfully used by the best writers, both in prose and verse—were given, with distinct explanation and reference to authorities? This has been done in France and other countries, where some dictionaries accompany the English, in some cases with Scotch synonyms, in others with varieties of expression.

NOTE VIII.

Henry V. can only be acquitted of cruelty in comparison of the worst offence of the Black Prince, for, both at the battle of Agincourt and at the siege of Montreau, his conduct was entirely reprehensible. The massacre of the prisoners at Agincourt is said by Juvenal des Ursins (312) to have been 14,000, but this is probably an exaggeration. That their number was great cannot be doubted, because the defence of Henry is, that they would have overpowered him, on the expected arrival of 6,000 to join the constable. A false alarm of their coming during the battle is said to have caused the massacre, of which Hall (70) gives a frightful description. Hardyng, who was present, represents the massacre as having taken place after the battle, on a false alarm of a new enemy coming up, whereupon, he says, "thei slew all prisoners down-right, sauf dukes, and erles, in fell and cruel wise" (375). The offence at Montreau was truly atrocious, although the number destroyed was much smaller. Eleven or twelve of the garrison, persons of rank to whom he had given

quarter, were hanged in sight of the governor, one by one, for the purpose of inducing him to surrender, by working on his feelings.—*Monsiret*, ch. ccxxvii. vol. iii. 120; *Hall*, 102. He put twenty Scotch prisoners to death at the capture of Melun, on pretence that they were guilty of treason in taking arms against him.

NOTE IX.

The despatches of Quamba (bishop of Aquila) the Spanish ambassador to England, are at Simonica, and they give Philip various particulars quite impossible to reconcile with Elizabeth's innocence as to Dudley. She had cited to the ambassador in refutation of the charge, her bedroom and Dudley's being remote from each other; but she soon after, on the alleged unwholesomeness of Dudley's apartment, had it removed so as to be close to her own. The ambassador also states her having become large in her person, which, he says, was ascribed to dropsy, and that afterwards the enlargement disappeared.

There are at Simanca also letters from an English lady about court, describing to Philip, in the strongest terms, the dissoluteness of the queen and the court. Her occasional lovers were Ralton, Mountjoy, Blount, Simier. (See *Dépeches de la Motte Fenelon*, ii., 119, 122.)

An account of Arthur Dudley, her natural son by Leicester, is given in Sir H. Ellis's letters, III.

Some late writers have questioned Elizabeth's guilt as to Davison, alleging that, in the order for Mary's execution, his name is now discovered to have been forged by her ministers. Such discoveries in history are most suspicious.

NOTE X.

There is no longer any controversy as to the political conduct of Lorenzo; not only as to his being the destroyer of the free constitution of Tuscany, but his intrigues, and his violent proceedings both towards the adverse factions and towards foreign countries. Sismondi, with all his hereditary feelings of dislike towards the family, leans against him in the cases which are in dispute; but he abundantly admits his great merits, and the proofs which he adduced of his sordid measures of finance, and of his cruel conduct, are quite decisive. (*Repub. It.*, chaps. 83, 90, vol. xi.) Sismondi was quite aware of Bruto's bias, from having lived at Lyons among the Florentine exiles, enemies of the Medici, and he never relies on him upon any controverted matter except once (ch. 85), on a point of little or no importance, and even on this the adoption by Alfieri of the popular tradition is somewhat of a confirmation. In all the other references to Bruto, there are different confirmatory authorities of contemporary historians.

It should always be kept in mind that the Medici family, with all their faults and failings, and though chargeable not only with usurpation, tyranny, and intrigue, but in many instances with sanguinary proceedings, are very far, even in the worst portions of their history, from the guilt which has made the names of other princes, the subverters of Italian republics, the disgrace of the same age. The Sforzas and Viscontis of

Milan, equal in profligacy and cruelty to the worst of the Roman emperors, need not be named as a contrast to the Medici, rather than surpassing them in misconduct. But others, as the Gonzagos of Mantua, the D'Estes of Ferrara, also stood far more conspicuous than the Medici for public crimes, and without the redeeming qualities which the latter possessed. It is singular enough that Charles V.'s choice of the prince whom he should raise to the dignity of grand duke at his own coronation, should have lain between the worst and the best of those named, the Sforzas and the Medici, — the others, far more deserving the favor, as candidates for the honor were but little considered, probably because of their inferior importance.

The same partiality for the Lorenzo and the Medicis generally has never been shown towards by far the most eminent of Lorenzo's successors. After the government became monarchical, Leopold I., one of the most enlightened and virtuous sovereigns that ever ruled over any country, the great benefactor of Tuscany, and of Austria when he became emperor, but never having patronized the arts, nor distinguished himself by intrigues or conspiracies while grand duke, he is hardly even mentioned by historians.

NOTE XI.

Ambrose, Ep. 40. — *Certum est ut prævicatorem facias aut martyrem (i.e., by using compulsion.) Greg. i. 43.*—*Neque propter errorem odio habes hominem neque propter hominem diligamus errorem.*

NOTE XII.

Tillotson's argument against the doctrine of the real presence rests on this: that the doctrine requires us to believe against the evidence of our senses, upon the evidence of those senses, namely, to believe that bread is flesh, when we perceive it to be bread, because we read the arguments and the Scriptures which represent it as flesh, and read by our senses.

The argument of Hume against miracles is wholly different. But that argument itself would require the disbelief of such a statement as this. A number of relators of various descriptions, including men noted for disbelief of miracles, and accustomed to doubt if not to disbelieve all religion, tell a story of having seen a person just deceased, who conversed with them as he was wont to do in his lifetime, and communicated a fact which we had told him on his death-bed, and which was only known to ourselves; the thing having occurred just before we told it to the dying man, and he having seen no one else before he died. This relation of these various persons which would force every man of common understanding to lend his belief, is, according to Mr. Hume's argument, to be entirely rejected, as much as any ordinary account of a miracle. His argument admits of no exception, and is absolute or it is nothing. The Essay on Miracles abounds in enlarged views on the subject of testimony, showing deep thought and acuteness, however erroneous the main argument. The caution which it inculcates against credulity, and the necessity of sifting evidence, in all cases is akin to the important

arguments of Voltaire, to show the uncertainty of ancient history in many particulars; and on these subjects his scepticism, like Voltaire's, was most justifiable. The instances cited of Hume's carelessness, prejudices, and untrustworthiness, as an historian are too numerous and too well known to require mention. The admirable work of Mr. Brodie is decisive of his merits as an historian. There has seldom if ever appeared a more searching investigation of the like kind.

NOTE XIII.

The stability of the system, or the oscillation of the form of the orbits between limits absolutely fixed, depends upon the eccentricities being small, or the orbits nearly circular, the inclination of the planes in which the bodies revolve also small, and most especially on the motions being all in one direction (from west to east). On this last circumstance depends the equation between the squares of the eccentricities, the masses, and the square roots of the axes assuring the stability. But on the force of attraction being inversely as the square of the distance depends the fixity of the axis; no other conceivable proportion could produce it. Now all the circumstances are contingent not necessary truths; all are matters of fact. Thus, any planet or satellite might have had a much larger eccentricity, or some might have revolved from west to east, and some from east to west. Laplace has calculated, that with respect to this one circumstance of the motions being all in one direction, it is four million of millions to one against this

arrangement having been otherwise than by a great first cause, and that it is only 1,826,214 to one that the sun will rise on the morrow of any given day; and that, consequently, the improbability is above two millions of times less that the sun should rise to-morrow than that the system should have been framed otherwise than by one creating power. But so little was the law of stability suspected in former times, that we find Dr. J. Burnett (*Boyle, Lect. ii. 78*) arguing that the variations in the orbits are so low they may go on for many thousand years before any extraordinary interference becomes necessary to correct the deviation, and adding that, "such small irregularities cast no discredit on the good contrivance of the whole." This subject of the stability is treated of in the *Mécanique Céleste*, and in the *Système du Monde*; and the calculation of probability, in the *Théorie Analytique des Probabilités* (1812); and the *Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités* (1814).

NOTE XIV.

However near an approach to reason may be observed in many instincts, as in the architecture of the bee, it is remarkable how entirely there is an absence of all which is called refinement and taste. Thus, the nightingale's exquisite musical power is accompanied with a proneness to imitate the least melodious sounds—as, in the south of Europe, the croaking of frogs is often apparently preferred by her to her own usual warbling.

ROGERS' WOOD CARVING. In the *Spectator* of June the 11th, 1859, we noticed the restoration, then going on, of St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, and the part which Mr. Rogers, the eminent wood-carver of Soho Square, took in it. Since that date the work has been finished, and opened under the immediate presence of the prince consort. In order to perpetuate the gems of wood-carving executed with so much taste and feeling by his father, Mr. George Alfred Rogers has had the whole of the carved bench-ends photographed, and published in a book. A more beautiful book we have scarcely ever seen; for without coloring, or other adventitious aids, the objects carved stand out so distinctly, as to make the beholder think he is really looking upon the actual carved wood. Some of the carvings are particularly striking,—the goat in the wilderness, the pelican, a branch of a mulberry-tree, and the agony in the garden. We might, however, enumerate every piece of the work, for they are all excellent. And the photographic artist has done justice both to him-

self and the carver. There are notes in the book touching every subject, pleasantly rendered.

MR. MURRAY is preparing for publication a work on the Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers of Iceland, the result of a summer's exploration by Captain Charles S. Forbes, R.N.

MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO., announce as forthcoming, "Port Royal: a Contribution to the history of Religion and Literature in France," by Mr. Charles Beard, B.A. The work is to be in two volumes.

A WORK on "The Origin and Succession of Life on the Earth," by Mr. John Phillips, Professor of Geology at the University of Oxford, is in the hands of Messrs. J. H. Parker and Co.

A WORK on "Metaphysics, or the Philosophy of Consciousness, Phenomenal and Real," by Henry L. Mansel, B.D., is in the press, for Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE RAMSGATE LIFE-BOAT: A RESCUE.*

CHAPTER I.

A WRECK OFF MARGATE.

THE night of Sunday, the twelfth of February, in the present year, was what sailors call a very dirty night. Heavy masses of clouds skirted the horizon as the sun set; and, as the night drew on, violent gusts of wind swept along, accompanied with snow-squalls. It was a dangerous time for vessels in the channel, and it proved fatal to one at least.

Before the light broke on Monday morning, the thirteenth, the Margate lugger, *Eclipse*, put out to sea to cruise around the sands and shoals in the neighborhood of Margate, on the look-out for any disasters that might have occurred during the night. The crew soon discovered that a vessel was ashore on the Margate Sands, and directly made for her. She proved to be the Spanish brig *Samaritano*, of one hundred and seventy tons, bound from Antwerp to Santander, and laden with a valuable and miscellaneous cargo. Her crew consisted of Modeste Crispo, captain, and eleven men. It seems that during a violent squall of snow and wind the vessel was driven on the sands, at about half-past five in the morning; the crew attempted to put off in the ship's boats, but in vain; the oars were broken in the attempt, and the boats stove in.

The lugger, *Eclipse*, as she was running for the brig, spoke a Whitstable smack, and borrowed two of her men and her boat. They boarded the vessel as the tide went down, and hoped to be able to get her off at high water. For this purpose six Margate boatmen and two of the Whitstable men were left on board. But, with the rising tide, the gale came on again in all its fury, and they soon gave up all hopes of saving the vessel. They hoisted their boat on board, and all hands began to feel that it was no longer a question of saving the vessel, but of saving their own lives. The sea began to break furiously over the wreck, lifting her, and then bumping her with crushing force upon the sands. Her timbers did not long withstand this trial of their strength; a hole was soon knocked in her; she filled with water, and settled down upon the sand. The waves began now to break over the deck; the boat was speedily knocked to pieces and swept overboard; the hatches were forced up, and some of the cargo floated on deck, and was washed away. The brig began to roll fearfully as the waves one after another

crashed over her; and the men, fearing that she would be forced on her broadside, cut the weather rigging of the mainmast, and it was speedily swept overboard. All hands now sought refuge in the fore-rigging. Nineteen lives had then no other hope between them and a terrible death than the few shrouds of that shaking mast. The wind swept by them with hurricane force; each wave that broke upon the vessel sprang up into columns of foam, and drenched them to the skin; the air was full of spray and sleet, which froze upon them as it fell. And thus they waited, hour after hour, and no help came, until one and all despaired of life.

In the mean while, news of the wreck had spread like wildfire through Margate. In spite of the gale and blinding snow-squalls, many struggled to the cliff, and with spy-glasses tried to penetrate the flying scud, or to gain through the breaks in the storm, glimpses of the wreck.

As soon as they saw the peril the crew of the brig were in, the smaller of the two Margate life-boats was manned and made to the rescue. But all the efforts of her crew were in vain; the gale was furious, and the seas broke over and filled the boat. This her gallant crew heeded little at first, for they had every confidence in the powers of the boat to ride safely through any storm, her air-tight compartments preventing her from sinking; but to their dismay they found that she was losing her buoyancy and fast becoming unmanageable; she was filling with water, which came up to the men's waists. The air-boxes had evidently filled; and they remembered, too late, that the valves with which each box is provided, in order to let out any water that may leak in, had in the excitement of starting been left unscrewed. Their boat was then no longer a life-boat, and the struggle became one for their own safety. Although then within a quarter of a mile of the brig, there was no help for it; the boat was unmanageable, and the only chance of life left to the boatmen was to run her ashore as soon as possible on the nearest part of the coast. It was doubtful whether they would be able to do even this, and it was not until after four hours' battling with the sea and gale that they succeeded in getting ashore in Westgate Bay. There the coast-guard were ready to receive them, and did their best to revive the exhausted men. As soon as it was discovered that the first life-boat had become disabled, the big life-boat (*The Friend of all Nations*) was got ready. With much trouble it was dragged round to the other side of the pier, and there launched. Away she started, her brave crew doing their utmost to battle with the gale, and work their way out to the brig; but all their efforts were in vain. The tre-

* The following narrative is by one who had the best local opportunities of being accurate, and of receiving accounts of every detail of the rescue from the lips of the men who were engaged in it.

meñdous wind and sea overpowered them; the tiller gave way; and, after a hard struggle, this life-boat was driven ashore about a mile from the town.

With both their life-boats wrecked, the Margate people gave up all hopes of saving the crew of the vessel. There seemed no hope for it; they must be content to let them perish within their sight. But this should not be the case until every possible effort had been made; and two luggers, *The Nelson* and *The Lively*, undaunted by the fate of the life-boats, put off to the rescue. The fate of one was soon settled; a fearful squall of wind caught her before she had got many hundred yards clear of the pier, and swept her foremast out of her; and her crew, in turn, had to make every possible effort to avoid being driven on the shore-rocks and wrecked. *The Lively* was more fortunate; she got to sea, but could not cross the sand, or get to the wreck. The Margate people began to despair; and, when the tidings passed among the crowd that the lieutenant of the Margate coast-guard had sent an express to Ramsgate for the Ramsgate steamer and life-boat, it was thought impossible, on the one hand, that they could make their way round the North Foreland in the teeth of so tremendous a gale, or, on the other, that the ship could hold together, or the crew live, exposed as they were in the rigging, during the time it would of necessity take for the steamer and boat to get to them.

We now change the scene to Ramsgate.

CHAPTER II.

MAKING FOR THE WRECK.

FROM an early hour on the Monday morning, groups of boatmen had assembled on the pier at Ramsgate, occasionally joined by some of the most hardy of the townspeople, or by a stray visitor, attracted out by the wild scene that the storm presented. In the intervals between the snow-squalls, they could faintly discern a vessel or two in the distance running before the gale; and they were all keenly on the look-out for signals of distress, that they might put off to the rescue. But no such signal was given. Every now and then, as the wind boomed by, some landsman thought it the report of a gun from one or other of the three light-vessels which guard the dangerous Goodwin Sands; but the boatmen shook their heads, and those who with spy-glasses kept a look-out in the direction of the light-vessels confirmed them in their disbelief.

About nine o'clock, tidings came that a brig was ashore on the Woolpack Sands, off Margate. It was, of course, concluded that the two Margate life-boats would go to the res-

cue; and, although there was much anxiety and excitement as to the result of the attempt the Margate boatmen would make, no one had the least idea that the services of the Ramsgate boat would be required. Thus time passed on, until twelve o'clock, when most of the men went away to dinner, leaving a few only on watch. Shortly after twelve, the coast-guard man from Margate hastened breathless to the pier and to the harbor-master's office, saying, in answer to eager inquiries, as he hurried on, that the two Margate life-boats had been wrecked, and that the Ramsgate boat was wanted. The harbor-master immediately gave the order to man the life-boat. No sooner had the words passed his lips than the sailors who had crowded around the door of the office in expectation of the order, rushed away to the boat. First come, first in; not a moment's hesitation, not a thought of further clothing! The news soon spread; each boatman as he heard it made a hasty snatch at his south-wester cap and bag of water proof overalls, and raced down to the boat and for some time boatman after boatman was to be seen rushing down the pier hoping to find a place still vacant for him. If the race had been to save their own lives, instead of to risk them, it could scarcely have been more hotly contested. Some of those who had won the race, and were in the boat, were ill-prepared with clothing for the hardships they would have to endure; for, if they had not their things at hand, they would not delay a moment to obtain them, fearing that the crew might be made up before they got there. These were supplied by the generosity of their friends, who had come down better prepared although too late for the enterprise; the cork jackets were thrown into the boat, and put on by the men. The powerful steam-tug, *Aid*, belonging to the harbor, and which has her steam up night and day ready for any emergency that may arise, got her steam to full power, and, with her brave and skilful master, Daniel Reading, in command, took the boat in tow, and made her way out of the harbor. James Högben, who, with Reading, has been in many a wild scene of danger, commanded the life-boat. It was nearly low water at the time, but the force of the gale was such that a good deal of spray was dashing over the pier, and the snow, which was falling in blinding squalls, had drifted and eddied in every protected nook and corner, making it hard work for the excited crowd who had assembled to see the life-boat start, to battle their way through the drifts and against the wind, snow, and foam, to the head of the pier. There at last they assembled, and many a heart failed as they saw the steamer and boat clear the pier and encounter the first rush of the wind and sea outside.

"She seemed to go out under water," said one old fellow; "I wouldn't have gone in her for the universe;" and those who did not know the heroism that such scenes called forth in the breasts of our watermen, could not help wondering somewhat at the eagerness that had been displayed to get a place in the boat—and this although they knew that the two Margate life-boats had been already wrecked in the attempt to get the short distance which separated Margate from the wreck, while they would have to battle their way through the gale for ten or twelve miles before they could get even in sight of the vessel. It says nothing against the daring or skill of the Margate boatmen, or the efficiency of their boats that they failed. In such a gale, success was almost impossible without the aid of steam. With it they would probably have succeeded; without it the Ramsgate boat would certainly have failed.

As soon as the steamer and boat got clear of the pier they felt the full force of the storm, and it seemed almost doubtful whether they could make any progress against it. Getting out of the force of the tide as it swept round the pier, they began to move ahead, and were soon ploughing their way through a perfect sea of foam. The steamer, with engines working full power, plunged along; every wave, as it broke over her bows, flying up, sent its spray mast high, and deluged the deck with a tide of water, which, as it swept aft, gave the men on board enough to do to hold on. The life-boat was towing astern, with fifty fathom of five-inch hawser—an enormously strong rope, about the thickness of a man's wrist. Her crew already experienced the dangers and discomforts they were ready to submit to without a murmur, perhaps for many hours, in their effort to save life. It would be hard to give a description to enable one to realize their position in the boat. The use of a life-boat is, that it will live where other boats would of necessity founder; they are made for, and generally only used on, occasions of extreme danger and peril, for terrible storms and wild seas. The water flows in the boat and over it, and it still floats. Some huge rolling wave will break over it and for a moment bury it, but it rises in its buoyancy, and shakes itself free; beaten down on its broadside by the waves and wind, it rises on keel again, and defies them to do their worst. Such was the noble boat of which we are writing. The waves that broke over her drenched and deluged, and did every thing but drown her. The men, from the moment of their clearing the pier to that of their return, were up to their knees in water. They bent forward as much as they could, each with a firm hold upon the boat. The spray and waves beat and broke upon their backs;

and, although it could not penetrate their waterproof clothing, it chilled them to the bone—for, as it fell, it froze. So bitter was the cold that their very mittens were frozen to their hands. After a tremendous struggle the steamer seemed to be making head against the storm; they were well clear of the pier, settled to their work, and getting on gallantly. They passed through the cud channel, and had passed the black and white buoys, so well known to Ramsgate visitors, when a fearful sea came heading towards them. It met and broke over the steamer, buried her in foam, and swept along. The life-boat rose to it, and then, as she felt the strain on the rope, plunged into it stem on, and was for a moment nearly buried. The men were almost washed out of her; but at that moment the tow-rope gave way to the tremendous strain; the boat, lifted with a jerk, was slung round by the force of the wave, and for a moment seemed at the mercy of the sea which broke over her amidsthips. "Oars out!" was the cry as soon as the men had got their breath. They labored and labored to get the boat's head to the wind, but in vain; the force of the gale was too much for them, and, in spite of all their efforts, they drifted fast to the Broke Shoal, over which the sea was beating heavily; but the steamer, which throughout was handled most admirably, both as regards skill and bravery, was put round as swiftly as possible, and very cleverly brought within a yard or two to windward of the boat as she lay athwart the sea. They threw a hauling line on board, to which was attached a bran-new hawser, and again took the boat in tow.

The tide was still flowing, and, as it rose, the wind came up in heavier and heavier gusts, bringing with it a blinding snow and sleet, which, with the foam, flew through the boat, still freezing as it fell, till the men looked, as one remarked at the time, like a body of ice. They could not look to windward for the drifting snow and heavy seas continually running over them; but not one heart failed, not one repented of winning the race to the life-boat. Off Broadstairs they suddenly felt the way of the boat stop. "The rope broken again," was the first thought of all; but, on looking round, as they were then enabled to do, the boat being no longer forced through the seas, they discovered to their utter dismay that the steamer had stopped. They thought that her machinery had broken down, and at once despaired of saving the lives of the shipwrecked; but soon they discovered, to their joy, that the steamer had merely stopped to let out more cable, fearful lest it might break again, as they fought their way round the North Foreland. It was another hour's struggle before they reached the North Foreland. There the sea was running tremendously high.

The gale was still increasing; the snow, the sleet, and spray rushed by with hurricane speed. Although it was only the early afternoon, the air was so darkened with the storm, that it seemed a dull twilight. The captain of the boat was steering; he peered out between his coat-collar and cap, but looked in vain for the steamer. He knew that she was all right, for the rope kept tight; but many times, although she was only one hundred yards, ahead, he could see nothing of her. Still less able were the men on board the steamboat to see the life-boat. Often did they anxiously look astern and watch for a break in the drift and sea to see that she was all right; for, although they still felt the strain upon the rope, she might be towing along bottom up, or with every man washed out of her, for any thing they could tell. Several times the fear that the life-boat was gone came over the master of the steamer. Still steamer and boat battled stoutly and successfully against the storm.

As soon as they were round the North Foreland, the snow-squall cleared, and they sighted Margate, all anxiously looking for the wreck; but nothing of her was to be seen. They saw a lugger riding just clear of the pier, with foremast gone, and anchor down, to prevent her being driven ashore by the gale. They next sighted the Margate life-boat, abandoned and washed ashore, in Westgate Bay, looking a complete wreck, the waves breaking over her. A little beyond this, they caught sight of the second life-boat, also ashore; and then they learnt to realize to the full the gallant efforts that had been made to save the shipwrecked, and the destruction that had been wrought, as effort after effort had been overcome by the fury of the gale.

But where was the wreck? They could see nothing of her: had she been beaten to pieces, all lives lost, and were they too late? A heavy mass of cloud and snow-storm rolled on to windward of them, in the direction of the Margate Sands, and they could not make out any signs of the wreck there. There was just a chance that it was the Woolpack Sand that she was on. They thought it the more likely, as the first intelligence which came of the wreck declared that such was the case; and accordingly, they determined to make for the Woolpack Sand, which was about three miles further on. They had scarcely decided upon this, when, most providentially, there was a break in the drift of snow to windward, and they suddenly caught sight of the wreck. But for this sudden clearance in the storm they would have proceeded on, and, before they could have found out their mistake and got back, every soul must have perished. The master of the steamboat made out the flag of

distress flying in the rigging, the ensign union downwards; she was doubtless the vessel they were in search of. But still it was a question how they could get to her, as she was on the other side of the sand. To tow the boat round the sand would be a long job in the face of such a gale; and for the boat to make across the sand seemed almost impossible, so tremendous was the sea which was running over it. Nevertheless, there was no hesitation on the part of the life-boat crew. It seemed a forlorn hope, a rushing upon destruction, to attempt to sail through such a surf and sea; but to go round the sands would occasion a delay which they could not bear to think of. Without hesitation, then, they cast off the tow-rope, and were about setting sail, when they found that the tide was running so furiously that it would be necessary for them to be towed at least three miles to the eastward, before they would be sufficiently far to windward to fetch the wreck. It was a hard struggle to get the tow-rope on board again, and a heavy disappointment to all to find that an hour or so more of their precious time must be consumed before they could get to the rescue of their perishing brother seamen; but there was no help for it; and away they went again in tow of the steamer. The snow-squall came on, and they lost sight of the vessel; but all were anxiously on the look-out; and now and then in a lift of the squall they could catch a glimpse of her. They could see that she was almost buried in the sea, which broke over her in great clouds of foam; and again many and weary were the doubts and speculations as to whether or no any one on board the wreck could still be alive.

For twenty minutes or so they battled against the wind and tide. The gale, which had been steadily increasing since the morning, came on heavier than ever; and the sea was running so furiously, that even the new rope with which the boat was being towed could not resist the increasing strain, and suddenly parted with a tremendous jerk. There was no thought of picking up the cable again. They could stand no further delay, and one and all rejoiced to hear the captain give orders to set the sail.

CHAPTER III.

THE RESCUE AND THE RETURN.

HARDER still the gale, and the rush of the sea, and the blinding snow—the storm was at its height. As they headed for the sands, a darkness as of night seemed to settle down upon them; they could scarcely see each other; but on through the raging sea they drove the gallant boat. As they approached the shallow water, — the high part of the sand, where the heaviest sea was breaking, — they

could see spreading itself before them, standing out in the gloom, a barrier-wall of foam; for, as the waves broke on the sand, and clashed together in their recoil, they mounted up in columns of foam, which was caught by the wind, and carried away in white streaming clouds of spray, and the fearful roar of the beating waves could be heard above the gale. But straight for the breakers they made. No wavering, no hesitation, not a heart failed!

The boat, although under only her double-reefed foresail and mizen, — as little sail as she could possibly carry, — was driven on by the hurricane force of the wind. On through the outer range of breakers she plunged, and then came indeed a struggle for life. The waves no longer rolled on in foaming ranks, but leaped and clashed and battled together in a raging boil of sea. They broke over the boat; the surf poured in first on one side and then on the other; some waves rushed over the boat, threatening to sweep every man out of her. "Look out, my men! hold on! hold on!" was the cry when this happened; and each man threw himself down with his breast on the thwart, and, with both arms clasped round it, hugged it, and held to it against the tear and wrestle of the wave, while the rush of water poured over their backs and heads and buried them in its flood. Down for a moment boat and men all seemed to sink; but the splendid boat rose in her buoyancy and freed herself of the water which had for a moment buried her, and her crew breathed again. A cry of triumph arose from them — "All right! all right! now she goes through it; hold on, my boys!" A moment's lull; she glided on the crest of a huge wave, or only smaller ones tried their strength against her; then the monster fellows came heading on; again the warning cry was given, "Look out! hold on, hold on!" Thus, until they got clear of the sands, the fearful struggle was often repeated. But at last it ended, and they got into deep water, leaving the breakers behind them. They had then only the huge rolling waves to contend with, and they seemed but as little in comparison to the broken water they had just passed through and escaped from. The boat was put before the wind, and every man was on the look-out for the wreck. For a time it remained so thick that there was no chance of finding her, when again, the second time, a sudden break in the storm revealed her. She was about half a mile to leeward. They shifted their foresail with some difficulty, and again made in for the sands to the vessel. The appearance of the wreck made even the boatmen shudder. She had settled down by the stern upon the sands, the sea making a clear breach over her. The starboard-bow was the only

part of the hull visible; the mainmast was gone; the foresail and foretopsail was blown adrift; and great columns of foam were mounting up, flying over her foremast and bow. They saw a Margate lugger lying at anchor, just clear of the sand, and made close to her. As they shot by, they could just make out through the roar of the storm a hail — "Eight of our men on board;" and on they flew into a sea which would in a moment have swamped the lugger, noble boat though she was. Approaching the wreck, it was with terrible anxiety they strained their sight, trying to discover whether there were still any men left in the tangled mass of rigging, over which the sea was breaking so furiously. By degrees they made them out. "I see one, two, three! The rigging is full of them!" was the cry; and, with a cheer of triumph at being still in time, they settled to their work.

The wreck of the mainmast, and the tremendous wash of the sea over the vessel, prevented their going to the lee of the wreck. This increased the danger tenfold, as the result proved. About forty yards from the wreck, they lowered their sails, and cast the anchor over the side. The moment for which the boat had so gallantly battled for four hours, and the shipwrecked waited, in almost despair, for eight, had at last arrived. No shouting, no whisper beyond the necessary orders; the suspense and risk are too terrible! Yard by yard the cable is cautiously paid out, and the great rolling seas are allowed to carry the boat little by little to the vessel. The waves break over them — for a moment bury the boat; and then, as they break upon the vessel, the spray hides the men, lashed to the rigging, from their sight. They hoist up the sail a little to help the boat sheer, and soon a huge wave lifts them; they let out a yard or two more cable by the run, and she is alongside the wreck! With a cry, three men jump from the rigging, and are saved. The next instant they see a huge wave rolling towards them, and might and main, hand over hand, all haul in the cable, and draw the boat away from the wreck, and thus escape being washed against her, and perhaps over her, to certain destruction. Again they watch their chance and get alongside. This time they manage to remain a little longer than before; and, one after another, thirteen of the shipwrecked leap from the rigging to the boat; and away she is again. "Are they all saved?" No; three of the Spaniards are still left in the rigging; they seem almost dead, and can scarcely unlash themselves from the shrouds, and crawl down, ready for the return of the boat. This time the peril is greater than ever. They have to go quite close to the vessel, for the men are too weak to leap;

they must remain longer, for the men have to be lifted on board; but as before, coolly and determinedly they go to their work; the cable is veered out, the sail manœuvred to make the boat sheer, and again she is alongside; the men are grasped by their clothes, and dragged into the boat. The last in the rigging is the cabin-boy; he seems entangled in the shrouds. (The poor little fellow had a canvas bag of trinkets and things he was taking home; it had caught in the rigging; and his cold, half-dead hands could not free it.) A strong hand grasps him, and tears him down into the boat; for a moment's delay may be death to all. A tremendous wave rushes on them; hold, anchor! hold, cable! give but a yard, and all are lost! The boat lifts, is washed into the fore-rigging; the sea passes; and she settles down again upon an even keel! If one stray rope of all the tangled rigging of the vessel had caught the boat, she would have capsized, and every man in her have been in a moment shaken out into the sea. The boat is very crowded; no fewer than thirty-two men now form her precious freight. They haul in cable and draw up to the anchor as quickly as they can, to get clear of the wreck; an anxious time it is. At last they are pretty clear, and hoist the sail to draw still further away. There is no thought of getting the anchor up in such a gale and sea. "She draws away," cries the captain; "pay out the cable; stand by to cut it; pass the hatchet forward; cut the cable: quick, my men, quick!" There is a moment's delay. A sailor takes out his knife, and begins gashing away at the thick rope. Already one strand out of the three is severed, when a fearful gust of wind rushes by; a crash is heard, and the mast and sail are blown clean out of the boat. Never was a moment of greater peril. Away with the rush of the wave the boat is again carried straight for the fatal wreck; the cable is paid out, and is slack; they haul it in as fast as they can; but on they go swiftly, apparently to certain destruction. Let them hit the wreck full, and the next wave must wash them over it, and all perish: let them but touch it, and the risk is fearful. On they are carried; the stern of the boat just grazes the bow of the ship. Some of the crew are ready for a spring into the bowsprit, to prolong their lives a few minutes. Mercifully, the cable at that moment taughtens: another yard or two and the boat must have been dashed to pieces. Might and main they continue to haul in the cable, and again draw away from the wreck; but they do it with a terrible dread, for they remember the cut strand of the rope. Will the remaining two strands hold? The strain is fearful; each time the boat lifts on a wave, the cable tight-

ens and jerks, and they think it breaking; but it still holds, and a thrill of joy passes through the hearts of all as they hear that the cut part is in. The position is still one of extreme peril. The mast and sail have been dragging over the side all this time; with much difficulty they get them on board. The mast had broken short off, about three feet from the heel. They chop a new heel to it, and rig it up again as speedily as possible; but it takes long to do so. The boat is lying in the trough of the sea, the waves breaking over her; the gale blowing as hard as ever; the boat so crowded that they can scarcely move; the Spaniards clinging to each other, the terrors of death not having yet passed away from them. They know nothing of the properties of the life-boat, and cannot believe that it will live long in such a sea. As the huge waves break over the boat and fill it, they imagine that it is going to founder; and, besides this, for nearly four hours had they been lashed to the rigging of their vessel, till the life was nearly beaten and frozen out of them by the waves and bitter wind. One of them, seeing a life-belt lying under a thwart, which one of the crew had thrown off in the hurry of his work, picked it up and sat upon it, by way of making himself doubly safe. But the work went on; at last the mast is fitted and raised. No unnecessary word is spoken all this time, for the life and death struggle is not yet over, nor can be until they are well away from the neighborhood of the wreck; but, as they hoist the sail, the boat gradually draws away, the cable is again paid out little by little, and, as soon as they are well clear of the vessel, they cut it, and away they go.

The terrible suspense—when each moment was a moment of fearful risk—from the time they let go their anchor to the time they were clear of the vessel was over. It had lasted nearly an hour. The men could now breathe freely; their faces brightened; and from one and all there arose, spontaneously, a pealing cheer. They were no longer face to face with death, and joyfully and thankfully they sailed away from the breakers, the sands, and the wreck. The gale was still at its height, but the peril they were in then seemed as nothing compared to that which they had left behind. In the great reaction of feeling, the freezing cold and sleet, the driving foam and sea were all forgotten; and they felt as light-hearted as if they were out on a pleasant summer's cruise. They could at last look around and see whom they had in the boat. Of the saved were eleven Spaniards—the master of the brig, the mate, eight seamen and a boy; six Margate boatmen, and two Whitstable fishermen. They then proceeded in search of the steamer, which, after casting

the life-boat adrift, had made for shelter to the back of the Hook Sand, not far from the Reculvers, and there waited, her crew anxiously on the look-out for the return of the life-boat. As they were making for the steamer, the lugger, *Eclipse*, came in chase, to hear whether all hands, and especially her men, had been saved. They welcomed the glad tidings with three cheers for the life-boat crew. Soon after, the Whitstable smack stood towards them on the same errand, and, after speaking them, tacked in for the land. The night was coming on apace. It was not until they had run three or four miles that they sighted the steamer; and, when they got alongside, it was a difficult matter to get the saved crew on board. The gale was as hard as ever, and the steamer rolled heavily; the men had almost to be lifted on board as opportunities occurred; and one poor fellow was so thoroughly exhausted that they had to haul him into the steamer with a rope.

Again the boat was taken in tow, almost all her crew remaining in her; and they commenced their return home. The night was very dark, although clear; the sea and gale had lost none of their force; and, until they got well round the North Foreland, the struggle to get back was just as hard as it had been to get there. Once round the Foreland, the wind was well aft, and they made easier way; light after light opened to them; Kingsgate, Broadstairs, were passed; and, at last, the Ramsgate pier-head light shone forth its welcome, and they began to feel that their work was nearly over.

A telegram had been sent from Margate, in the afternoon, stating that the Ramsgate life-boat had been seen to save the crew; but nothing more had been heard, and the suspense of the boatmen at Ramsgate, as they waited for the life-boat's return, was terrible. Few hoped to see them again, and, as hour after hour passed without tidings, they were almost given up. During the whole of the afternoon, and evening, anxious eyes were constantly on the watch for the first signs of the boat's coming round the head of the cliff. As the tide went down, and the sea broke less heavily over the pier, the men could venture further along it, until, by the time of the boat's return, they were enabled to assemble at the end of the pier. When the steamer was first seen with the life-boat in tow, the lookers-out shouted for very joy; and, as they entered the harbor, and hailed, "All saved!"

cheer after cheer for the life-boat's crew broke from the crowd.

The Spaniards had somewhat recovered from their exhaustion under the care of the steamboat crew, and were further well cared for and supplied with clothes by the orders of the Spanish Consul; and the hardy English boatmen did not take long to recover their exposure and fatigues, fearful as they had been. The captain of the Spaniard, in speaking of the rescue, was almost overcome by his feelings of gratitude and wonder. He had quite made up his mind to death, believing that no boat could by any possibility come to their rescue in such a fearful sea. He took with him to Spain, to show to the Spanish government, a painting of the rescue, executed by Mr. Ifold, of Ramsgate.

There is an interest even in reading the names of those (however unknown to us) who have done gallant deeds; we give therefore the names of the crew of the life-boat, and of the steamer. Of the life-boat: James Hogben, captain; Charles Meader, Thomas Tucker, Philip Goodchild, Edward Stock, William Penny, William Priestly, George Hogben, William Solly, George Forwood, John Stock, Robert Solly. Of the steam-tug: Daniel Reading, J. Simpson, W. Wharrier, T. Nichols, J. Denton, J. Freeman, T. Larkins, W. Penman, W. Matson, W. Solly. Other fearful scenes have most of these men, especially the captains of the life-boat and steam-tug, passed through in their effort to save life; one so terrible that two out of the crew of the life-boat never recovered the shock given to their nerves. One died a few months after the event, and the other to this day is ailing, and subject to fits. Of the splendid life-boat too much cannot be said; no fewer than eighty-eight lives have been saved by her during the last five years. Designed and built by J. Beeching and Sons, boat-builders, etc., of Yarmouth, she won the Northumberland prize of one hundred guineas in a competition of two hundred and eighty boats. Each time the men go out, their confidence in her increases, and they are now ready to dare any thing in the Northumberland prize life-boat. It is pleasing to be able to add, by way of postscript, that the Board of Control has presented each man engaged in this rescue with a medal and £2, and that the Spanish Government has also gratefully acknowledged the heroism of the men, and sent to each a medal and £3.

From *The Ladies' Companion*.
THE CHAMOIS-HUNTER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

At the foot of the narrow gorge of the Enge, not far from the village of Grindelwald, is a chalet, now abandoned, but well known as having been the home of one of the few families who still preserved the heroic traditions of the chamois hunter. To the Hausers of Enge, the mountain had always been their true home: they had preferred above every thing the wild liberty of the heights, the glory of this war against mountains and abysses, which is a sort of perpetual defiance of death.

Some years ago, in the early days of March, a young girl was leaning against the wall of this chalet, near a small window, the panes of which were thickened by the strong frost; her hands joined, her head hanging, her whole attitude expressing sorrow. At her feet sat a young man, who, seizing one of her hands, said, in a desponding tone, "So it is true; Freneli, whilst I have been working hard at a distance, in the hope of having you for my wife, your grandmother, Trina, has destined you for my Cousin Hans?"

"It is too true, Ulrich."

"But she has not said any thing either to you or to him. If you tell her that your heart is turned another way, she will, perhaps, change her projects."

Freneli shook her head.

"My grandmother is as firm in her purpose as the Eiger is on its base; and it would be more easy to overthrow the mountain than to change her will."

"But are you sure that Hans loves you, Freneli?"

"Yes," replied the girl, with a shade of bitterness, "as he loves the chamois he hunts on the peaks. Do you think he asks its consent? I am in his eye a prey; he believes I belong to him only because he wishes it, and he will treat whoever tried to carry me away from him as the hunter treats the man who robs him of his game!"

"So everybody here is against me!" said Ulrich, sadly.

"There is one who is your friend—that is Uncle Job. Though he loves the mountain, and regrets that you have thrown away your hunter's rifle, he never speaks of you but with affection. He is now seeking his plants and crystals on the heights, but I hope he will return this evening."

"Ah, well! I do not return to Meyringen until to-morrow; I will see if I have any thing to hope from my uncle." Then approaching Freneli, he put his arm round her—"And you," said he, "do you love me so little that you could be happy with Hans?"

"You know the contrary too well," replied she, with emotion, trying to disengage herself.

"So you will help me, Freneli?"

"As much as a poor girl can, Ulrich."

"But if your grandmother and Hans persist?"

"Then," replied she, weeping, "we shall be very unhappy."

Freneli's grandmother had known how to preserve all the dignity of her position as head of the household. Brought up by her, her great-nephews, Hans and Ulrich, had learnt never to question her will up to the age when they became chamois hunters. But Ulrich had none of the feverish passion necessary for this wild existence. Every time he crossed the valleys of Lauterbrunnen or Hasli, he would stop for hours watching the shepherds carving the yew and the maple; and in the hours of the chase he would drop his rifle at his feet, to cut out some new imagination in a bit of wood taken from the roof of a chalet. At length a carver at Meyringen offered to take him, and feeling certain that it would secure a far more comfortable subsistence to Freneli than hunting, he gave his rifle to Uncle Job, and set out. Two years of hard work had given him the first place among the Oberland sculptors, and he amassed the sum necessary for the realization of his dearest hopes. We have seen how the projects of the grandmother had been revealed to him at the moment when he thought he had gained his end. They were still talking when Trina entered: she was about seventy years of age, little, thin, and bent under the weight of years; but her gray eyes still retained the penetrating fixity of those of a bird of prey. Hardly had she crossed the threshold when her glance rested on Freneli and Ulrich, who were visibly embarrassed.

"Ah! ah!" said she, "here is company! You here? you—"

"God protect you, aunt," replied Ulrich.

"I have just come from Meyringen—I came to ask after you."

"And you are quietly asking Neli," said Trina. "Hans has not returned, then? He never rests," said she, pointedly: "he must earn the bread which is eaten here on the glaciers. You did well to choose another occupation; the chamois run too fast for feet which like to be stretched at the fireside."

"So I have cause, every day, to rejoice at my determination," replied Ulrich, without guessing the irony concealed under the serious tone of Trina. "I can earn as much in a day as Hans in a month—not to speak of the death which is always at the elbow of the hunter. My wife will not tremble every

time the echo of the avalanche sounds from the Shreek-horn or the Wetter-horn."

The old woman gave him a look which made him cast down his eyes: "Ah! that is what you have just been making Neli understand," said she.

"It is true I have spoken to her of it," said he, with emotion: "and, since you have guessed it, there is no further reason to be silent in your presence. I have always wished for this marriage; for three years past we have both thought of it. You have known me from the cradle: I have been brought up as your son: you know I have neither cowardice nor malice in my disposition, and my wife will not have a husband without a heart. May God punish me if she ever weeps for my faults. Let Freneli and me be happy, Aunt Trina, and we will thank you on our knees."

He had taken the hand of the young girl, and stood before the grandmother in a supplicating attitude. She looked upon them like a vulture on two turtle-doves: then, shaking her head—"Do you know Freneli's dowry?" asked she of Ulrich.

"Her dowry?" repeated the young man; "I never thought she had one. What matters a dowry to me?"

"But it matters to me; for it is not to enrich, but to honor."

Then, going to a worm-eaten cupboard, she took a rusty key from her pocket, and with difficulty turned the lock, throwing open the folding-doors, within which were several skulls of the chamois, surmounted with the branching horns.

"What is this, aunt?" cried Ulrich, whilst Freneli gave a little cry of surprise; "where did such a dowry as this come from for Freneli?"

"From the fathers of her father. Though you are no great hunter, you may perceive that each of these skulls has belonged to an emperor of the chamois."

"Certainly," replied Ulrich, who knew that these large antlers belonged to a chamois old enough to be the chief of its tribe.

"You have learnt how difficult it is to reach such game; for many years, all who have married the daughters of our house have brought to their betrothed, as a wedding present, an emperor of the chamois. Under each you can read the name of our ancestors. The last was hung there by my son-in-law when he came to ask me for Freneli's mother—I showed him what I now show you."

"And what did he say?"

"Nothing; but two months after threw that at my feet which you see there. If he had not brought it, my daughter and I would have waited for a more skilful hunter."

The two lovers exchanged a look of despair.

"What!" cried Ulrich; "and you would place such an honor above every thing else? Then the wishes of her who marries are of no consequence to you; her happiness is not your concern; but only that you may have in your family the best hunter in the mountain?"

"And we have always had it," replied the old woman with pride.

"But what has it brought you, if not poverty, anguish, and widowhood? Where are the remains of those who placed the trophies there of which you are so proud? Have they not all the avalanche for their winding-sheet, and the precipice for their cemetery?"

"Who said the contrary?" replied Trina, with haughty coldness. "Have I spoken of long life, rest, and riches? In our old history have you not read of noble families who lost all their men in war? Well, our husbands die on the mountains; it is their battle-field. Disgrace will begin with the first who dies in his bed!"

As she finished these words, footsteps were heard in the path leading to the cabin: Freneli raised her head, bent her ear, and said, "It is he."

Almost at the same moment the door was rudely pushed open, and Hans crossed the threshold in the complete dress of the chamois-hunter. He entered like a whirlwind, and stopping in the middle of the room, let the butt-end of his rifle fall heavily on the floor. Trina saw in a moment that he had not been successful. Without saying a word, she signed to Freneli to rouse the fire, whilst she herself went to the cupboard to bring out refreshment. It was then only that the hunter perceived Ulrich.

"God preserve thee, Hans!" said the latter, advancing to meet him.

The cousin did not reply, but he glanced at Freneli, whom he surprised with her eyes fixed on the young sculptor. He approached the fire without a word, and seated himself in the corner.

Although accustomed to his morose silence, Ulrich seemed rather surprised this time: he placed himself in the other corner of the hearth, his arms folded, and his shoulder resting against the wall. "We must believe that chamois are not abundant in the Alps," said he, with a slight shade of irony, "since Cousin Hans comes back as he went!"

The hunter shrugged his shoulders, and replied disdainfully, "Whoever said that chamois were plentiful, when the thaw allows them to find pasture on the highest peaks?"

"Then you have not scught them so high?"

Hans threw him a savage glance: "I come

from the Schreck-horn!" said he, with emphasis.

At this name the women turned. The Schreck-horn, or Peaks of Fear, are the highest points which rise over Mettemberg: rarely does the hunter venture there, and it is the last resort of the chamois.

"The Schreck-horn!" said Trina, in a tone of emotion—"do you really come from thence?"

"Why not?" said Hans.

"It is there they all rest—the father of Freneli, the father of her mother, and the father of her grandfather. There is an old hatred between our family and the Schreck-horn."

"And even on these heights you have seen nothing?" asked Ulrich.

"I have seen a herd of chamois with their emperor."

Three exclamations burst forth. All approached, questioning him at the same time. Hans drew himself up; a beam of joy lightened his heavy features.

"Yes, I have seen them. It was in one of the defiles which open at the foot of the smaller peak. I examined them well with my telescope, and advancing to a nearer point, had the sentinel within range, when he bounded aside to warn the herd, and all set off the emperor at the head. There were nine!"

Trina shuddered at the last words. "You are sure of the number?" said she, quickly. "You have counted them?"

"As certainly as I can count the fingers on my hand. I pursued them for three hours among the peaks, and across the glacier, four times. I was near enough to hear the whistling of the emperor; but a *crevasse* or an *aiguille* have always cut me short. On arriving at the Eiger, whilst turning a point of rock, they had disappeared."

"It is they! it is they!" responded the old woman, pensively. "Nine chamois—the emperor at the head! Impossible to reach them; and when at last you are near, all disappear. Freneli's father saw them a month before his death."

Hans trembled in spite of himself.

"Do you think they are the chamois *d'égarement*?" * said he, shrugging his shoulders.

"Who knows?" said Trina; "the Evil Spirit is there in his kingdom."

"Have I said the contrary? But what matters it? for eleven years I have braved him in his home? By my head, I care no more for him than the marmot in the rocks. Listen to what I promise: before eight days

* Fantastic chamois, which are hunted in vain, and lead the pursuer to precipices.

are past there shall be on this table a haunch of the emperor which I have just been hunting."

This oath was accompanied by a glance thrown at Freneli which made Ulrich tremble. Then followed a long silence, for the words of Hans were never lightly spoken. He drew to the table to partake of the miserable repast, which consisted of a bit of black bread and poor cheese. Turning to the sculptor, he said ironically:—

"I suppose my cousin has no appetite for the poor fare of a hunter's dinner?"

"Who speaks of poor fare?" interrupted a voice from the threshold, and Uncle Job appeared with his hammer and tin box. Freneli ran to meet him, and the old man gave her a basket which was hung on his arm.

"Take care, Neli, my girl," said he, gayly; "it contains neither plants, nor stones, nor butterflies. Open the lid, and show Hans what I bring."

She drew out successively eggs, smoked lard, three white loaves, and a little bottle of Kirschwasser: the hunter, who seemed indifferent to the former, received the latter with an interjection of content.

"Ah! ah!" said the old man, "I am glad to find an open spot in your heart into which I can send a ray of sunshine. Good-day, Trina; and you, Neli, cook these provisions. Come, Ulrich, my boy, sit down: we will sup."

Addressing each in his jovial tone, he inquired if Hans had been successful, and how Ulrich liked his position at Meyringen. For more than forty years Uncle Job had been exposed to all the fatigues and perils of these desolate solitudes in seeking crystals and wild plants.

Whilst the unconquerable boldness of Hans found in this grand scenery the Evil Spirit only, Job's resigned sweetness saw none but God. The first was the strength that braves; the second the simplicity which admires; nothing had troubled the serenity of his mind; youth, in departing, had left a ray of joy, as the setting sun leaves a rosy reflection on the white peaks.

"Where have you found all these, uncle?" inquired Ulrich.

"At the Hotel of Lauterbrunnen. This morning the waiter bought all my crystals that I got from Rosenlauri; and yesterday I discovered in a rock, uncovered by the thaw, a real nest of crystal. It is hidden in the side just over the abyss; but, with a rope, a man may reach it: to-morrow I return there. Speaking of it, Hans, in crossing the Wengern Alp I saw the traces of chamois; I can point out the spot."

"Thank you, I know of others," replied Hans.

"There are a large number, and it is easy ground for hunting."

"I do not seek easy ground. Formerly, I suppose, it might have tempted Ulrich."

"You are right, Hans, for it tempts me to-day," replied the carver. "If you will show me, uncle, to-morrow, I will set off in search."

"You!" cried Hans, rising; "by my life, do you speak seriously?"

"Is it true," cried the old man, "you will give up wood-carving to return to the mountain?"

"To-night I will sleep under your roof, and you shall give me my rifle, and show me the traces. I will try, at least."

"God be praised!" said the old man; "the child returns to us. Do you hear what he will do, Trina?"

"The wind carries away words," replied the aunt, coldly; "we must see actions."

"We shall see! we shall see! This very evening I shall pray our heavenly Father to encourage him, and bring under his rifle the finest emperor of the chamois."

"Yes!" cried Ulrich, seizing the old man's arm. "Ah! ask for that, uncle; for such happiness I would give you the better part of my life!"

As Ulrich pronounced these words Hans surprised a look which passed between him and Freneli. He frowned, and his lips contracted, but said nothing.

Ulrich took leave, and disappeared with Uncle Job, who lived in a neighboring chalet, smaller and more miserable than Trina's, the inner walls of which were covered with sparkling stones, dried plants, and butterflies: the owner himself completed the singularity of the picture, in his old-fashioned costume, his long gray beard, and the white curls of his hair hanging over his neck.

Long before the dawn appeared, Ulrich and his uncle were up, preparing the necessities for their expedition: the former examined with care the rifle which he had used in his old days of chamois-hunting, and having assured himself that each of the two barrels had its priming, he covered them with a leather envelope, and joined his uncle, who, in the mean time, had rolled the cord round him by which he was to make his perilous descent, and put into his bag the iron hooks and short lever indispensable to his success. It had needed all the deep love of the young man and the certainty that Trina would only give Freneli to him who fulfilled the singular conditions imposed by her, to decide him to return to an existence which he already knew so well; no other, indeed, can expose to so many fatigues, privations, and perils.

In spite of this, they began their journey: the sky was still dark, and the snowy sum-

mits were marked out against the faint horizon. The stream of the Lutschine roared in the valley; the wind surged through the pines, loaded with snow; and occasionally the sound of the axe was heard in the lower slopes. Job turned to his companion.

"I do not like this morning," said he, with a thoughtful air; "the fog caps the Faul-Horn. Yesterday the sky at sunset was for a long time red, and the moon rose in a fiery circle. I fear something bad is coming from the south."

"We are only in the beginning of March," objected Ulrich, "and the *föhn** is generally much later."

"That is what I said to myself; but yet, appearances are bad. When you are on the heights, have an eye to the horizon."

They are now climbing, with the firm and equal step of mountaineers, the slopes which separate the Eiger from the Wengern Alp; and on reaching the first stage of the mountain, the early rays of the dawn burst over the peaks, enveloping them in a purple light, and showing all the spurs of the Eiger and Schreck-horn confusedly lighted up; whilst the valley of Grindewald still remained plunged in darkness. Uncle Job stopped.

"Here we must separate, dear boy!" said he. "Have you understood my explanations? and can you find your way? Let us each go in the keeping of God, and ask him to be our guide!"

Uncle Job took off his hat, and Ulrich did the same; and, leaning on his pointed bâton, the old man began aloud one of those extempore prayers which the mountaineers know how to apply to every hour.

At this moment the sun, which had just risen, inundated the mountain with rosy hues, which rapidly passed from summit to summit like a luminous avalanche. Peaks heaped on peaks, precipices, and ravines came successively out of obscurity, and took, so to speak, their place in this gigantic panorama. At this moment, when the old man closed his prayer by a holy "amen," the morning light fell on him, and enveloped him in a sort of dazzling glory. Job turned to the east with a gesture of gratitude.

"All at the right time," said he, smiling; "here is one who will show us the game and the precipice; the rest depends on our prudence. Remember the proverb of the chamois-hunter: 'A heart firmer than brass, and two eyes in every finger.'"

"I will try not to forget it," said Ulrich.

"Then God be with you, my son!"

"And with you also, uncle!"

They exchanged an affectionate look, and separated. The young man, as he proceeded

* A south wind, or whirlwind, which in Switzerland ushers in the early days of spring.

on his way, watched the old man bury himself in the deep ravines of the mountain side; and when he lost sight of him, he could hear his clear musical voice singing the psalm repeated by the martyrs of the Reformation when they marched to the stake: "Behold the happy day!"

Inspired by the sound, the young sculptor hastened his steps. The summer chalets on the lower stages of the mountain were nearly buried under their shroud of snow; soon even the stunted pines disappeared, and at length he reached the defile which his uncle had described to him—a deep tunnel in the rock, where the sun could never penetrate. He was on the point of entering, when a dark shadow rose before him, and he recognized his cousin Hans. His face was even more gloomy than usual, as he stood in the centre of the path; and Ulrich could not repress an exclamation of surprise.

"You here, Hans! How did you get here?"

"Is there but one path in the Wengern Alp?" he asked, coldly.

"And what are you doing here?"

"I came to see you: I was waiting for you."

"You have something to say to me?"

"Are you not going to seek the chamois my uncle saw yesterday?"

"Certainly."

"You will not find them. I have just seen the traces: they are gone to the glaciers."

"Well, I shall follow them in that direction."

"You are determined?"

"Why not?"

"Then we will hunt together," said Hans.

It was the first time that Ulrich had received such an invitation, and he looked surprised.

"Are you afraid of my company?" asked Hans, roughly.

"Why should I fear it?"

"Who knows? Perhaps you think you may have to follow me too far and too long."

"On my life, I have not thought so?" said Ulrich, proudly. "Although you are a better hunter than I, I fancy I can go where you go!"

"Let us set out then."

Hans began to climb, and the hunters soon found themselves at the entrance of those tremendous glaciers which stretch away for near a hundred and fifty leagues. Here was the Mer-Glacée of Grindelwald and Aletsch; still further, those of Viescher, Finster, Arr, Lauter, and Gault.

Hans studied the different directions, then, without saying a word, struck to the south. His step had a feverish rapidity and a pro-

voking certainty: the more difficult the road became the more he quickened his pace, crossing crevasses, climbing rocks, or descending icy ravines with a kind of disdain.

Ulrich, who at first followed silently, wondered where this wild course would lead to, and asked who could hope to find chamois on the ocean of ice which surrounded them.

Hans contented himself with replying: "Still further," and pointing to the horizon.

Other glaciers were crossed, other moraines climbed; and to every fresh question the furious hunter replied, "Still further!"

At length they reached a terrace formed at the side of a yawning gulf. The young sculptor then stopped nearly breathless, and wiped his wet brow.

Hans turned round. Nothing about him indicated this long walk; his face was pale, his step as quick, his breathing as free as ever.

"Well, bold hunter, are you at the end of your strength?" said he mockingly.

"Not yet; though you seem determined to try my powers to the utmost."

"Why have you taken up your rifle again?" asked Hans abruptly.

Ulrich seemed embarrassed.

"I was obliged," said he rising,—"for a reason—which you will know in time. Let us go now."

"No, stop! I have no need to wait to know all you can tell me. You have begun hunting again because it is the only way to obtain Freneli, and you love her."

"It is true," said Ulrich. "Is it to ask me this that you waited in the Wengern Alp, and led me as far as here?"

"So you avow it," said Hans with compressed lips; "and yet you know that I have also chosen Neli for my wife; say, are you ignorant of that?"

"No: but as Neli is free our wishes are nothing: she alone shall choose."

"And you know she has done so already: you have profited by your advantages to turn her heart to yourself. I have only suffered in silence; I only brought black bread to the house, whilst you came with your carvings. But you cannot suppose that I shall let you rob me of my happiness without revenge?"

"What do you mean?" interrupted Ulrich, shuddering.

Hans seized his arm. "Listen! I wished to speak to you where no one could interrupt us: understand what I say. I will have Neli—I will, whatever happens! and if any one dare to take her from me I will kill him, even were he my friend or my brother! It is six years since I married Neli in my mind; I have carried this idea with me into the mountain to keep me company; and I have

talked with her, and found rest and pleasure in her; believe me, do not cross my hopes, or some evil will happen to you."

"What you have just said does not come from yourself, cousin, but from the Evil Spirit which tempts you, and speaks in your place. Leave God to direct all things: who knows but he will soon do what you demand. You know the condition by which to obtain Freneli: in each trying to fulfil it, one of us may meet the fate reserved for all the Hausers, and leave the place free to the other."

Hans fixed his flaming eyes on Ulrich.

"And this other—you hope may be yourself!"

Ulrich shook his head.

"You know that all the chances are against me, and I only should have a right to complain if I did not count on the help of Him who is above all."

"But when, think you, will he decide between us?"

"At this moment, perhaps," interrupted the carver, who for some moments had been listening to the rising wind and increasing darkness. "Thy anger has made thee blind and deaf, but look around and listen." He pointed to the south.

"On my salvation," said Hans, "you have spoken like a prophet; your prediction will be accomplished, for the *föhn* is coming. Do you feel this hot wind? Do you see those clouds of fog gathering below? In a few moments it will be here; you wished God to decide between us. He has heard you; he who can descend to the Enge shall have Neli. Adieu! take care of your life; I am going to try and save mine."

Without waiting a reply, Hans ran to the narrowest part of the crevasse and jumped across. Ulrich tried in vain to recall him, he was soon out of sight. The latter having no power to cross the fissure, took his way back to the glacier, instead of gaining the heights, where the south wind is less felt, and descended towards the Wengern Alp as quickly as possible; but the snow was beginning to thaw, the clouds advanced rapidly, already the near peaks had disappeared, and the *föhn* arrived in all its violence. Carried away by its gusts, he continued the oblique descent of the glacier, busied only in avoiding the crevasses which would have swallowed him up, and thus reached a hollow, where, sheltered from the wind he could lie down and take breath.

When he rose the fog had cleared away, but his road became more and more difficult: the thaw was rapidly proceeding; streams increased to torrents, were rolling down the mountains and uniting themselves to other raging waters. From time to time moun-

tains of snow, formed during the winter, fell into ruins, and their overthrow closed up one or other of the roads. Ulrich sought an outlet in vain: here a cascade stopped up the ledge on which he was advancing; there an avalanche buried the passage; to the right an arch gave way; to the left a fissure suddenly opened. Everywhere the crashing of the ice, the furious gusts of wind, the thunders of the avalanche, the roaring of the unbridled waters, and above all this chaos, night rapidly drew on to take away his last hope.

Still he struggled; the thought of Freneli gave him a desire to live, which increased his strength. Unhappily he knew not where he was, and stopping to recognize the nearest peaks, a fearful noise resounded from the depths of the glacier, and at the same moment he staggered; the glacier trembled under his feet. Soon a second shock threw him down; then others succeeded, and he could no longer hide from himself the fact that the glacier was in motion and descending towards the valley.

Knowing that the least delay was a question of life or death, the young man set off to gain some firm resting place. He had nearly reached the edge of this frozen river, and crossed many a bridge of snow without suspecting it, when in a moment the footing gave way, and he had only time to throw out his arms to hold himself up, ere he was buried up to the waist. It was a moment of the deepest anxiety: holding his breath and immovable, he remained some seconds in the same attitude, then stretched out his hand to reach his rifle, hoping to use it as a support, but the softened snow yielded to the pressure, and he disappeared in the abyss.

The next day the *föhn* had ceased to blow, but its effects might be traced in the disappearance of the snow from the heights, and the swollen torrents which were rushing into the valleys. Having taken refuge on one of the highest peaks, Uncle Job had passed the night in safety, and was tranquilly descending to the slopes, when his curiosity was aroused by the alteration in the position of the glacier in which Ulrich lay buried. Advancing with precaution over the frozen surface, he perceived the crevasses here closed, there enlarged, and bridges of snow fallen in all parts. Near one of these bridges he perceived, half-buried in the snow, an object to which at the first moment he did not attach much importance; but hardly had he touched it before he recognized with a wild cry, Ulrich's rifle. He turned full of fear to the yawning chasm, where footsteps might still be traced, and the spot where the fall took place. He knelt down, and putting his

head to the opening, shouted loudly. There was no reply: a second and a third shout followed. After the last some confused sounds were heard. He rose quickly, unrolled his cord, and having fixed it in the ice, dropped it into the fissure. For a long time it hung floating; again he renewed his shouts: at last it seemed as if the cord moved. Suddenly the oscillation ceased, he who was ascending stopped.

"Courage!" cried Uncle Job; "another effort!" Still it was immovable. "Come, it is I, Ulrich! God has brought me to your assistance; help yourself, my son, if you will see Trina and Neli again."

The cord moved again, and after many attempts, a head rose above the chasm: to every hair hung an icicle, and the face was frozen. To see the automaton-like movement you might have fancied it a corpse galvanized by some magical incantation, without voice or sense.

The old mountaineer uttered an exclamation of joy, and seeking his gourd, he poured some drops of brandy into the young man's mouth, rubbing him vigorously with snow.

"Thanks to God and to you!" murmured Ulrich at length, beginning to yield to the sleepy languor of fatigue and cold.

"All in good time," interrupted Job; "but stand up and move about."

"Not yet—after a while." And Ulrich closed his eyes.

"There will be no time afterwards—get up, strength will come in walking, and we will rest at the first chalet. If you stop here you are a dead man; stand up there is life at stake."

He dragged his nephew on towards the edge of the glacier, tottering, his head drooping, his eyes closed. His blood at length began to circulate, and he described his fall and long agony in the abyss. He then inquired:—

"Have you seen Hans?"

"Not himself, but his footsteps, pursuing the trace of the chamois."

"Ah! it is the herd he sought led by the emperor. Was it at the foot of the Eiger?"

"No; exactly to the right of us."

The young man stopped, gazed intently in the same direction, then forced his uncle back with himself under the shelter of a rock.

"What is there?" said Job.

"See! see!" murmured Ulrich, "at the turn of the pasturage there!"

The old man perceived at length a herd of nine chamois with their emperor flying so

rapidly that they must be pursued. After another search they recognized Hans on the cornice of a rock which overlooked them. He was bounding from rock to rock in a kind of wild delirium, seeing nothing but his prey; and having got a few steps in advance of the emperor, jumped on the last point of rock separated by the cornice. The chamois passed at his feet, he fired, and the emperor fell. The hunter uttered a cry of victory which might be heard by those watching him; but as he raised himself, the kind of bracket on which his foot rested gave way, he stretched out his arms to save himself. It was too late—his hands slipped over the icy rocks, and bounding from point to point, fell broken to pieces twenty paces from the chamois he had just shot.

Some hours after, they brought the disfigured body of Hans to the chalet. Trina, who had heard of the accident before from Uncle Job, received the bier at the door. She looked for some time at the dead, wringing her hands in wild grief.

"Another," she murmured; "but it was to be— Like Neli's father, he had seen the chamois *d'égarement*— it was a warning—the Spirit of the Mountain is too strong at this moment: the last of the Hausers is to be laid under the earth."

She watched by the bedside, speechless, and refusing comfort until the funeral day. The inhabitants of the valley came in crowds to pay the last homage to the remains of the hunter. His body was stretched on a bier made of branches, his head resting on the chamois which had cost him his life. Behind came the haggard face of the grandmother, with Ulrich and Neli in tears.

The loss of Hans was a shock from which Trina never recovered. She became weaker and weaker, and after a few months her last hour arrived. She died, her eyes fixed on the dark cupboard, which had been opened at her request, and where the horns of the last chamois killed by Hans had been placed with the rest.

Henceforth alone and mistress of her fate, Freneli became the wife of Ulrich, and went with him to Meyringen, where Uncle Job soon joined them.

Whoever crosses the valley of Hasli, or the heights of the Brunig and Great Scheideck, is pretty sure to meet the indefatigable seeker of crystals, singing the old psalm tunes, whilst the rolling of the cascades and the noise of the falling avalanche accompany him like an immense organ.

C. RUSSELL.

From The Christian Observer.

MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS OF PRUSSIA.

Memoirs of the Queens of Prussia. By E. W. Atkinson. One Vol. 8vo. W. Kent & Co. 1858.

ENGLAND has a national interest in the history of Prussia. It is not yet two years ago since she consigned to the heir apparent of the Prussian throne the princess royal of England; and from the affectionate interest which the nation took in the event, it seemed as if each family was sending forth the first and best-beloved of their daughters, and were following her with the tearful interest of a family. The rough sailors, who parted from the princess at Gravesend with moist eyes, and bade her husband tend her carefully and treat her well, on pain of their displeasure, expressed the national desire that her future fortunes among a strange people might be as happy as her childhood. Nor was it without anxiety that, amidst many omens of happiness, the nation, who had watched her youth, and rejoiced in her opening promise, saw her transplanted into a foreign continental court. He who is on the throne of an absolute government, or stands on its steps, is not likely to be left untried. Nor is the history of any despotic country without its warning, that the most favorable promise of princes may be blighted by the intrigues of those who would rise to power through the weakness of the sovereign.

The kingdom of Prussia only dates from the beginning of the last century; yet, though no long line of kings has occupied the throne, the fate of their consorts has not been enviable. Two of the Prussian sovereigns, the second and the fifth, made the life of their consorts unhappy by their vices. The temper of the third king, who, with some estimable qualities, had a roughness which amounted to mania, has been made familiar to us in Mr. Carlisle's history. The queen of his celebrated successor, Frederick the Great, was a princess of Brunswick Bevern, and was forced upon the prince by the peremptory commands of his father. He discovered, indeed, under the shyness of her first appearance, occasioned by circumstances so unfavorable, a mind worthy of esteem and a heart full of affection. It was not her fault that she was thoroughly loved; and, indeed, during the few years spent by the crown prince and her at Rheinsberg, in the literary retirement which Frederick affected, there was an interval of domestic union which rendered more trying the estrangement of later years. Nor was this estrangement due to the wife. She raised herself to be the worthy partner of her husband. His love was the spell which developed her faculties. From an untaught girl

she grew into the matured and intelligent woman. She became versed in the literary subjects which occupied Frederick. She read and thought and listened. With a woman's tact, she penetrated the character of the men who frequented the prince's society; and, while Frederick was bandying flattery with Voltaire, his princess detected the baseness which lurked under that French polish of wit and genius. But while her position was apparently strong, and her husband's esteem manifest, the loving heart discovered that there was no return to her deep affection. It does not appear that Frederick was naturally heartless; his feeling towards both his parents refutes this. But he had entered on two courses of life which are sure to blunt affection, and to harden the heart. He threw off belief in Christianity, and he allowed himself the free indulgence of vice. Sadly in his later years, when the contrast of old Ziethen's piety was presented to him, did he confess his error and repent it; but he said it was then too late to change. The affection of a true-hearted wife was neglected, till he left himself morose, sullen, and dissatisfied, to pass his old age in the company of his dogs; with many admirers, but with scarce a friend. The affection, indeed, from which he isolated himself, remained on the part of his wife, invariably true. The prince of her young affection remained throughout her life the idol of her heart. All his chilling coldness, his neglect of his wife, while he paid attention to his mother and sisters; her seclusion, left solitary in the capital while Frederick gathered his family round him at Rheinsberg; his indifference to her feelings when she lost her favorite brother in his wars; his determination not to confide to her either his pleasures or his sorrows; his court at Charlottenburg, where his queen was only suffered to spend the day, and had to return at night to Berlin;—these things, hard as they were, could not shake an affection which was fixed. In defeat, as in victory, when she was a fugitive from the capital, or when she welcomed her husband's return as conqueror; surrounded at times with a blaze of state; admired for her beauty; reviewing by the side of her husband his gallant troops, and partaking of his triumphs with an exulting people; or when she had to melt down the silver ornaments of the palace to send her husband supplies; and when she fled to Magdeburg, while the enemy laid waste her summer retreats,—Elizabeth Christina remained the same simple, earnest, and faithful woman. In the year 1747, we find her writing to her brother:—"I can now write with a more tranquil heart that I did; for, God be praised, our dear king is again better, and out of all danger; he has been very ill, and I have suffered a thousand

inquietudes. If I had dared, I should have gone to Potsdam myself to see him." Again she says: "I have received a most obliging and gracious letter from the dear master, apologizing for not alighting here as he passed, and giving me notice that he will come and see me here some day." From her solitude at Schönhausen she writes that people avoid her, and that she is not included in the invitations to Potsdam. "Yet it is not all this magnificence which attracts me, but the dear master who inhabits the place. I still think with pleasure of the times of Rheinsberg, when I enjoyed perfect contentment, having been kindly received by a master whom I cherish, and for whom I would sacrifice my life. Ah! what regret do I feel now when all is changed; but my heart will always be the same, and I hope that all will again be as of old; this sole hope supports me."

But though the neglected queen could not but feel this usage, she bore it without a murmur. Some longings to be with her husband, in place of those courtiers who cared little for him, escaped her; but she acquiesced in his will; and her delight that her sister, who had married the prince of Prussia, should be admitted to the court-circle from which she was excluded, was unselfish and generous. She occupied herself in works of charity, and was the munificent friend of the distressed. She followed her husband in her thoughts through the long struggle of the seven years' war; and while others were cast down by defeat, her strength of mind and piety were never shaken. In the midst of danger she lived in her tranquil thoughts; finding the company of her books better than that of her train, and seeking that peace which the mind that seeks is sure to find. The veneration with which she was regarded by the people followed her everywhere. "Never," says one of the great Prussian preachers, "shall I forget those stormy Magdeburg hours in which her majesty, during the wars, set an example of the highest piety and most heroic confidence in God. When the prudent and the cowardly trembled, she alone was unshaken in her glad hope for the future." The sermon which hailed the restoration of peace expressed the general feeling: "God preserve the mother of this land, who prayed for us in time of need."

This life, so tried by private sorrow and public trouble, had other afflictions. She had seen her sister happily married to the prince of Prussia. But the prince had died broken-hearted; and his son, who had succeeded to his expectations and had married the queen's niece, had brought on himself calamities, which were all the heavier that they were the effect of his vices and entailed the ruin of his unfortunate wife. The offspring of this

unhappy union was committed by Frederick to his queen, and by her was brought up with tender care. The child requited this with the strongest affection; and her letters, when she became duchess of York, showed that her regard remained unabated. The last years of the queen's life were spent at Schönhausen, where Frederick visited her once a year on her birthday. Death carried off her most intimate friends; and, at length, in 1786, her husband followed. He died forsaken, as he wrote, by all the world, but retaining his esteem for his wife, requiring that every one should treat her with attention, and bequeathing her to his nephew with the strongest testimonies of regard. The rest of her life glided tranquilly away, comforted by the respect and affection both of courtiers and people. No marriage of any note was considered satisfactory unless the old queen was present; and parents sought her benevolent smile at the baptism of their children. The walks round her park were open to the citizens; one-half of her income was spent in charity, and a colony of Bohemian exiles found a refuge near the walls of her palace. As the trees had been felled during the wars, she replanted them in her old age; "for, though I shall never see the trees grow up, it will please me to watch the young plants, and to think that the place will be charming after I am gone." At the age of eighty-one, with few dry eyes that day in Berlin, she was carried to her rest; but not till she had blessed her great-nephew at the most important crisis of his life, and welcomed his young and blooming bride, whose life we must now relate.

The reign of the fifth king of Prussia, which began in 1786 and ended in November 1797, had been scandalous from its vices, and had, by the natural influence of example, corrupted Prussian society to the core. The avowed scepticism of Frederick the Great had tainted the opinions of his court; and the vices which had begun in infidelity flourished luxuriantly under the reign of his successor, Frederick William II. He did not preserve the military reputation of his country, and his campaign against the French, after the Revolution, brought on him defeat and disgrace. His sons, as they grew to manhood, witnessed with shame the transgressions of their father. The state of the court, and the wrongs done to their mother, moved them; and the eldest prince felt them the more keenly, after he and his brother had met, in their passage through Frankfurt, the two princesses of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and had chosen them for their wives. It was in 1793, whilst the horrors of the French revolution were running their course, and those passions were boiling which were to scathe the whole of Europe, that the young princes met their

brides at Potsdam, and made their entrance into Berlin on a winter's day in December. Statesmen as well as poets, old rough warriors and gentle women, were alike enchanted by the young princess who had married the crown prince. In describing her, the most prosaic became poetical; and Goethe celebrated her as a heavenly vision. There never was a marriage more auspicious. It was grounded on pure affection, a love which lasted through life. The differences of character were happily met — his gravity by her loveliness, his reserved silence by her cheerful candor; her brighter hopes cheered his anxieties, and her sanguine temperament checked his disposition to melancholy. It is true that the courtiers were greatly disquieted when they saw etiquette grievously set at naught by the young couple. The princess horrified her stiff, grim old attendant, when she snatched one of the fifty girls who welcomed her with flowers, and kissed the wandering child; and, shocking to say, when Berlin wished to illuminate in honor of the marriage, the crown prince begged the citizens to give the money meant for the illumination to the poor. They persisted in calling each other "thou;" walked hand in hand in their garden, without their suite; and the prince would drive his wife in an open carriage without a retinue. When the king, who, in spite of his vices, had a warm heart, presented his daughter-in-law, on her birthday, with Oranienberg, the princess, desirous that the poor should share in her pleasure, exclaimed, "Now I only want a handful of gold for the poor of Berlin." "And how big would the birthday child like the handful to be?" said the king. "As big as the heart of the kindest of kings," was her prompt reply.

Oranienberg was found too large for their small income and simple tastes; and on the farm of Paretz, near Potsdam, in a moderate-sized house, without state, their life, before they ascended the throne, was passed. It was there that their eldest son, afterwards king of Prussia, was born, and that they had to mourn the untimely death of the crown prince's brother, and the death of the queen dowager in a ripe old age. In the autumn of 1797, Frederick William succeeded his father on the throne; but though their residence and position were changed, the new sovereigns retained their simple habits, walked the streets like their subjects, made purchases in the fair, and allowed the citizens to witness the pure taste and affection which characterized their rulers. The example was not lost on the citizens; and, though the courtiers, tainted by the infidelity and vice of two reigns, declined this new standard of purity, the homely virtues of the middle classes were strengthened by the example. The visit of

the sovereigns to the provinces, after their accession, left strong impressions on the minds of their subjects; acts of the kindest consideration, on the part of the queen, endeared her to young and old. Her impressions of delight, when she visited the Silesian mountains, were remembered long after by those who witnessed them. Old men, who had ferried her through the subterranean lakes in the mines, who had seen her grasp her husband's hand, and heard her, as she received vivid impressions of awe and delight, whisper, "Slowly, good steersman; oh! slowly;" treasured up the recollection for their later life; recalled that thoughtful and beautiful face, "grand like a queen, yet as simple as a child;" and said, with tears trickling down their cheeks, "that in all their lives they had never seen a woman with such a face as hers; why did the good God let her die so early?" Whatever were the defects in the king's character as a politician, our esteem for the man remains; the deep piety which both he and the queen manifested is recorded to us by attentive witnesses, and the sketch which Bishop Egbert gives of their domestic habits is a picture to dwell upon.

We turn back, before entering on rougher scenes, to the incident of the poor woman, who had wandered into the queen's seat at church, and at the sign of the kind lady sat down unconscious. Afterwards reproached by the grand-marshal, she retired in disquiet; but the queen could not be satisfied till Bishop Egbert went and comforted her. We think of that sabbath evening, when in the society of a few friends, while dwelling on the sermon they had heard from the story of Ruth, they had sunk into solemn reflection, till the king rose and whispered to his wife, "I and my house, we will serve the Lord," and withdrew to meditation and prayer. But this life of peace was cast on the most troubled period of European history, and was tried by some of the sorest disasters that ever befell Prussia.

Frederick William succeeded to an embarrassed exchequer. The reputation of the Prussian armies had suffered during the French revolutionary wars. The ambition of Napoleon, when he was embarking in his wars of aggression, found in Prussia disordered finances and divided councils. The three ministers who were placed at the head of the Prussian cabinet were men of worthless character, two of them foreigners. Over such a ministry, influenced by their sympathies, some, at least, gained by bribes, Napoleon exercised an easy command. The cousin of the king, Prince Louis Ferdinand, was a man of great ability, prompt in action, and of firm decision. He had much respect for the king's abilities, and, mourned that his want of con-

fidence in himself should prevent their exercise. He used to appeal to the queen to rouse her husband. Unhappily the influence of the ministers arrested the king's decision; and the treaty which one of them made with Napoleon, after the battle of Austerlitz, destroyed the character of Prussia. The events which followed, and the undisguised resolution of Napoleon to make Prussia the next victim, overthrew the policy of the ministry, and hurried the king into war. He had hesitated when his decision might have secured him the alliance of Russia and Austria. He allowed himself to be plunged into war when Napoleon was strengthened by success; and when the other European states were estranged from Prussia by her own misconduct. The conduct of the war was characterized by the same want of judgment. The choice of the Duke of Brunswick as general was a fatal blunder. The councils of Prussia were betrayed to Napoleon, and the incapacity which the Duke of Brunswick had formerly shown was now increased by age. The gallant Prince Louis fell at the commencement of the war, and the total defeat at Jena annihilated the hopes of Prussia. The queen was a partaker of the full weight of this disaster, as she had accompanied her husband to the army, both to cheer him by her presence, and to encourage the troops. She was, indeed, of a mind equal to the difficulties; while the king was depressed, she was collected; and Gentz, who met her in the camp, was struck with the precision with which she reasoned, and the just judgment which she formed both of men and events. Whatever could be done under the unfavorable circumstances of the campaign was suggested by her; and the cheerful smile and sweet voice with which she said to the soldiers, "Children, fight like Prussians," inspired courage which indeed was vain, as there were no generals to direct it. After the fatal battle of Jena, she retired from Berlin to Küstrin, and from thence, as Leipsic and Berlin were in the hands of the enemy, and Magdeburg fell, she fled with the king to Königsberg. The king's fainting spirits were sustained by her resolution; but the trial, though it could not overcome her, bent her to the ground. Her subjects mourned when they saw her grief-bowed head as she walked at Küstrin, with the king, on the walls; and those who were admitted to her presence at Königsberg marked with sorrow the traces of deep suffering in her face. She had, indeed, personal as well as public wrongs to endure. As Napoleon found that the queen was the object of the loyal affections of the Prussians, he felt that the best mode of detaching them from their allegiance was to defame her character. The foulest calumnies against her

were circulated in public journals; and when the anguish caused by this and her husband's danger overthrew her health, public calamities thickened upon her. For a fortnight she had been in danger from a low fever, when news came of fresh defeats. On a damp winter's day she had to fly from Königsberg and to take refuge in Memel, the only town which remained to them. Still, through all her illness and sorrow, no word of impatience escaped her, and her smiles and kind words cheered her attendants. The assistance of the Emperor Alexander changed the face of affairs, and the queen was enabled to return to Königsberg, and to give her time to the instruction of her children. The literary men, who found a refuge there and were admitted to her society, speak with enchantment of her character—the childlike ingenuousness, the winning attention, and the thoughtful kindness. To her son, then a boy of twelve, she expressed her secret feelings, because she wished to strengthen his character; but with others she never talked on politics. History, education, manners, were her favorite topics; but above all religion. Bishop Borowski's society was a great comfort to her. He found her at times in an agony of tears, when she poured forth the words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But he heard her also bear witness to the consolations of religion. "I have been reading," she said to him, "that precious 126th Psalm, on which we spoke together when you were last here. Amidst all the sorrow it expresses, the conquering hope rises like the morning dawn; and through the storm of misfortune one hears the glad song of the victor. There is in it a spirit of sadness yet of triumph, of resignation yet of glad confidence; it is a hallelujah in tears." These sentiments encouraged her under every reverse. Writing to her father from Königsberg in May, 1807, when there was a gleam of light, she says that, "Dantzig held out; Blücher was in the field; all will yet be well, and we shall yet be happy." The following month she writes from Memel, after Dantzig and Königsberg had fallen, that she will soon have to leave the kingdom with her children; "but I direct my eyes to Heaven, from whence comes all, both of good and of evil; and my firm belief is, that He will not send more than we can bear." And, again, in a later letter, she writes, "On the path of right to live, to die, or, if so it must be, to live upon bread and salt, never shall I be wholly unhappy." Hope was now gone, yet she says: "Yet all comes from thee, Father of Goodness; my faith cannot waver, though I can hope no more." One who had seen her in May, 1807, writes thus of her habits: "The queen leads a most retired life; the exercise of benevolence and

humanity fills up her days. She seeks, so far as her sex permits, to alleviate the miseries occasioned by war; she provides, with incessant efforts and with considerable contributions, for the wounded and the needy. She visits no theatres, gives no concerts nor balls; but every one who, like myself, has the pleasure of approaching her, must acknowledge that she, or else no woman upon earth, realizes the high idea of fairest womanhood. Not striking but softly magical is the impression which she makes on all. The calm, the resignation, with which she bears her misfortunes, deeply touches the heart."

From these scenes of suffering, but of tranquil patience, she was led to a sharper trial. The defeat of the Russian forces disposed the emperor of Russia to make peace; and the temptations which Napoleon held out to him on the side of ambition, drew both emperors into a close friendship. Prussia had now to learn how much her confederacy with Russia cost her. The assistance of Russia had been fruitless, her desertion was fatal. Happily, however, the designs of Napoleon were too openly made known. He himself had stated that his intention was to name Jerome Buonaparte king of Prussia, and to expel the royal family. Even to Alexander he divulged his project of crushing the Prussian throne and leaving the sovereign scarcely a margrave of Brandenburg. But such projects alarmed Alexander; to have on his frontier such a neighbor as Napoleon was seriously to be deprecated. What fidelity to treaties would not make him do was suggested by his own interest. He exerted himself to preserve Prussia; and, as he hoped much from the talent and fascination of the queen, he invited her to Tilsit. It was a bitter trial to meet the usurper who had conquered her country, and the slanderer who had defamed her character. "What struggles it has cost me," she writes in her diary, "God only knows! It will cost me much to be courteous to him; but the hardship is required of me, and I am used to make sacrifices." Her presence was indeed necessary; for the king of Prussia, naturally dejected, and now depressed by misfortune, was present, — a sad and helpless spectator of arrangements which he could not influence. When he spoke to Napoleon of the pain of losing hereditary provinces, Napoleon answered with contempt, "Such losses are common in the chances of war." When he answered, "That one could not forget them any more than one can forget his cradle;" "The camp should be the cradle," answered Napoleon; "a man has no time to think of such things." With these dispositions, and this insolence of conquest, it was not likely that a woman's influence could prevail. Yet the queen did all in her power.

She arrived on the 5th of July, at Tilsit, and was received by Napoleon with outward courtesy. At dinner she was seated between the two emperors, and Napoleon paid her the utmost attention. He admitted afterwards not only her singular beauty, but her bewitching power; that in spite of all his efforts she constantly led the conversation, returned at pleasure to her subject, and directed it as she chose; but still with so much tact and delicacy, that it was impossible to take offence. In her interviews with Napoleon, she pleaded with warm eloquence the cause of her country; she conjured him to prove himself a hero, by showing magnanimity to a vanquished foe, to grant her the happiness of being able to assure him that he had won her esteem, and at least to give back Magdeburg. Napoleon was moved for a moment; his resolution was shaken, but the blight of Talleyrand's influence interposed. "Shall posterity say that Napoleon sacrificed his greatest conquest to a pretty woman?" Before her departure, the unhappy queen made a last effort; and then finding it useless, threw herself sobbing into her carriage, overwhelmed with the conviction of the useless degradation to which she had submitted.

The Elbe became the boundary of Prussia, and an enormous sum was laid upon the impoverished country. The king and queen returned to Memel, where in a country town and in a private house, they passed a life of the strictest economy. Many a citizen was better lodged, and kept a better table; the golden plate of the great Frederick was melted down; and loans and gifts from their sympathizing subjects were received in order to meet the French contribution. The king and queen were much affected by letters from their subjects in Lower Westphalia, whom they were obliged to abandon. "Our hearts were nigh to break," so the latter ran, "when we read thy farewell to us; we could not persuade ourselves that we should cease to be thy true subjects, we who loved thee always so much."

Under this cloud the faith of the queen did not fail, nor her strength of mind. "The king," she writes, "is greater than his opponent; he has refused a confederacy with evil, and this will bring Prussia a blessing some day." The king derived comfort from his wife's strength of mind, and from the consolations of his friend Bishop Borowski. He opened to him the counsels of God from His word, and led him to see through this sore discipline a vista of future blessings. In every thing the vigor of the queen's mind was felt. Hardenburg and Stein were the ablest ministers of Prussia. Stein had been unjustly dismissed early in 1807, through the cabal of a rival minister. Hardenburg had been sacri-

ficed to the peremptory orders of Napoleon. Before his retirement he had entreated the king to send for the able and faithful Stein; but it was natural that Stein should remember the wrongs he had received. Then it was that the queen wrote to him a letter of entreaty, and she prevailed. "Stein is coming," she writes, "and with him a little light dawns upon me." "Thank God," she writes again, "Stein is here; that is a proof that God has not forsaken us." It was indeed a fearful state of things which the new minister of the interior had to face. A weak country was trampled under foot by a grasping conqueror. The Prussian ambassador at Paris was refused an interview with the emperor, and was treated by his minister for foreign affairs with insolent contempt. Prussia must take care how she behaved, her future fate depended on her submission. A portion of Silesia had been left to her. Now it was torn away; the concession, it was said, had been a mistake, a slip of the pen. "Say, if that be not enough," writes the queen, "to justify despair?" Marshal Soult domineered over Prussia,—"he does," the queen writes, "what he chooses, and may hold us prisoners in Memel for years." An enormous contribution must be paid, and to secure it the French demanded five fortresses, to be garrisoned with 40,000 Frenchmen, who were to be clothed and fed at the expense of Prussia. "This is our frightful position; every one here is in despair. My future is of the gloomiest. If we only keep Berlin; but sometimes the thought weighs on my boding heart, that that, too, will be taken from us and made the capital of another kingdom. Then I should have only one wish,—to emigrate far away, to live as private people, and, if possible, forget." The queen's feelings are more fully developed in her letters to her father, written early in the spring of 1808:—

"All is over with us for the present, if not forever. For my life, I hope nothing more. I have resigned myself, and in this resignation, in this dispensation of heaven, I am now tranquil and enjoy repose, which, if it be not earthly happiness, is something more, even spiritual peace."

She then remarks, in very striking terms, on the dealings of Providence, which employed Napoleon as its instrument to correct the vices of German institutions, and to break up that old system which should pass away. And then she speaks of him with a true prophecy, as not firm and secure upon his glittering throne. "For," she says, "truth and justice only are calm and secure; while he, in his boundless ambition, consults only himself and his personal interest; dazzled by success, and thinking nothing impossible to him, he is

therefore without all moderation; and he who does not keep within measure, loses his balance and falls." Her belief in God and in his moral government gave her an assured hope that the reign of violence would be temporary, and that better times would come. Of herself she speaks in terms alike touching in their resignation and foreboding. "The good which is to come we shall not behold," she says, "but shall die upon the road. As God wills; all as he wills it; but I find strength, courage, and cheerfulness in this hope, which lies deep in my soul. The world is in a course of transit; we, too, must pass through it. Let us take heed that every day renders us more prepared and better."

Yet she had her consolations. The king's affection was constant; "his friendship, his confidence, and affectionate behavior make my happiness." As the French troops had partially evacuated Prussia, the royal family was able, by January, 1808, to remove to Königsberg. There Louisa, whose health had suffered severely, gave birth to a daughter. A touching ceremonial took place at its baptism, when representatives from the various classes of old Prussia stood sponsors to the child, and, as they laid their hands upon it, prayed in mutual sorrow that the king and his people might remain united. As the spring came on, the king hired a small country house near Königsberg, to which he removed his family; a house so small as not to contain all the royal children, but they were surrounded with the affection of their people, who watched at their own doors to see them pass, and to bless them, hung garlands of flowers on their gate to mark the king's birthday, and paid to the queen the homage of a warm attachment, which was increased by her acts of considerate kindness. The village country house revived the thoughts and pleasures of their earlier days. "You will gladly hear, dear father," she writes, "that the misfortune which has struck us, has not penetrated to our married and domestic happiness, but has rather confirmed and purified it. The king, the best of men, is more affectionate and kind than ever. I often think I see in him still the lover and the bridegroom. More given as he is to actions than to words, I recognize his consideration and love for me everywhere. Only yesterday he said to me quietly and simply, with his truthful eyes fixed upon me, 'Dear Louisa, thou hast become to me still dearer and more precious in misfortune. Now I know from experience what I possess in thee.'" Then she tells her father of the character of her children; "on whom," she says, "our eyes dwell with satisfaction and hope. One does not require much to be contented; health, air, tranquil scenery, a few shady trees, a few flower beds, and an arbor,

are enough. My husband and I are, with our children, sufficient for ourselves; besides I have good books, a good piano, and a good conscience, and thus one can live more quietly amidst the storms of life, than those by whom the storms are excited."

In the interest of her children, and in the study of history, the queen sought to forget her misfortunes. As the future was dark, she strove to live in the light of the past; and realizing with her fervid imagination the great characters of the past, she painted to the historian the scenes and men whom he had described, with a vivid power which surprised him. She in her modesty was the only one who was unconscious of her power; the compliment of the historian she thought was paid to her rank, and her great minister, Stein, was aroused at last to say, "O gracious queen, how unjust is your distrust of your own judgment!"

Another subject, which powerfully interested her, was the education of the people. She saw the deep corruption of the upper classes; her hope was, that by good training the lower might be improved. She read eagerly every book which treated of this subject, and followed with eager delight the new plans and writings of Pestalozzi. "Were I my own mistress, I would get into my carriage and roll away to Pestalozzi in Switzerland, to thank the noble man with tears in my eyes. He does his best for mankind. In the name of mankind, I thank him for it."

One passage in Pestalozzi's work struck her: "Sorrow and suffering are God's blessings." "Yes," she said, "and even in my sorrow I can say, it is God's blessing; how much nearer am I to God by reason of it." The fearful events which were passing filled her mind. In July, 1808, she refers to the day as the anniversary of her interview with Napoleon. "Ah! what a remembrance! how I suffered then! suffered more for the sake of others than myself! I wept, I entreated in the name of pity and humanity, in the name of our misfortunes, of the laws which govern the world; and I was only a woman, and yet how highly exalted above this adversary." The monstrous attack of Napoleon on Spain added to her gloom. "It is a new finger trace of the iron hand," she writes, "which is passing over the face of Europe—a warning one for us." The gallantry of the Spaniards inspired her with some hope. But fresh blows were at hand. The faithful Stein, who had occasioned Napoleon's anger by his manly policy, was compelled to resign. The kindness of the Emperor Alexander brought some alleviation. In proceeding to Erfurt, he had passed through Königsberg, and had urged the king and queen to return his visit at St. Petersburg. They did so early in 1809,

were received with the utmost attention, and overwhelmed with gifts; but Louisa turned from the splendor and the gifts which the emperor heaped upon her with a weary heart. When some one remarked to her afterwards on the beauty of a set of pearl ornaments which she wore, "Yes," she said, "I kept these back, when I had to part with all my other jewels. Pearls suit me. They are emblematic of tears, and I have shed so many." It was a relief to her to return to Königsberg. "Nothing dazzles me now," she said, "and once more I repeat, my kingdom is not of this world." Her friend Borowski thus describes her: "Her seriousness has a quiet cheerfulness about it; and the faith and courage which God gives her, spread over her whole being a sweetness which may be called dignified. Her eyes, indeed, have lost their early liveliness, and one sees in them that she has wept, and still weeps much; but they have acquired a mild expression of soft melancholy and silent longing, which is better than mere joyousness. The bloom has vanished from her cheeks, and is replaced by a soft pallor; yet her face is still fair, and the white roses there please me almost better than the earlier red ones. Round her mouth, where a sweet happy smile used to play, one now from time to time remarks a trembling of the lips, which speaks of pain, but not of bitter pain." The gallant struggle in the Tyrol gave her a momentary delight. She hailed the flame of freedom kindled, as she says, both in the mountains of the Tyrol and of Spain. "What a man is this Andreas Hofer; a peasant is become a general, and what a general! His arms are prayer, his ally God. He fights on bended knee, with folded hands, and conquers as with the flaming sword of the cherubim." Then she hopes that the days of the maid of Orleans may return, and that thus, perhaps, the evil adversary will be overcome. But the war with Austria darkened her prospects. Her birthday had been kept by the simple citizens of Königsberg in March, 1809, by a banquet at the castle and a fête given by the inhabitants of the town. The poor queen was ill, and was heart-broken with sorrow and foreboding. Reproaches fell upon her, a huge burden of sorrow; she says she "had to sigh and swallow her tears." "My birthday," she writes to her confidential friend, "was a fearful day for me. My heart seemed breaking. I danced, I smiled, I said pleasant things to the fêters. I was friendly to every one, while all the time I knew not which way to turn for misery. To whom will Prussia belong next year? whither shall we all be dispersed? God Almighty, Father, have pity!"

When afterwards she heard of the defeat of Austria at Wagram, she writes,—"Alas! O

God, how much trouble is gone over me! Thou alone helpest. I no longer believe in an earthly future. God knows where I shall be buried; scarcely on German ground. Austria sings her swan song, and then, adieu Germania."

But at length there was a change for the better. Prince William, after long negotiation, obtained the evacuation of Prussia by the French troops. Two days before Christmas, 1809, the king and queen returned to Berlin. However basely the upper classes had succumbed to Napoleon, the heart of the citizens was true. They sent as their gift a new carriage to meet the queen out of Berlin, which they had lined with lilac, her favorite color; and in the midst of thundering cannon and pealing bells, the king on horseback, and the queen in her new carriage, re-entered the capital.

In the previous autumn she had given birth to a prince; and her health, undermined by sorrow and the severe climate, had been unusually delicate. She had then longed for a return to Berlin; but now, when her wish was granted, and she bent forward eagerly to see each well-known spot, and to return her people's greetings, the change that had passed since she had entered the capital a happy bride sixteen years before, came across her, and her smiles were mingled with tears.

In her desertion she had found a faithful friend. On a public occasion Napoleon had uttered one of his scandalous falsehoods against her. The French clergyman, Erman, an old man, bluntly exclaimed, "That is false, sire!" which so astonished Napoleon, that he passed the remark by. Now, on a public occasion, the queen went to the old man with her filled glass, drank "to the health of the knight who had the courage to break a lance for the honor of his queen," and asked him to pledge her.

But though the joy of the citizens and the delight of her husband brought soothing thoughts, joy came too late for the worn spirit and overtaken frame. She had borne up during the tension of anxiety, but her strength gave way in the first moment of rest. She had herself said, as she returned to Berlin, "I feel overpowered with joy, but black forebodings trouble me." At first, a subdued melancholy took the place of her usual cheerfulness, and slight attacks of spasms showed where the malady had fixed itself. But she revived as spring advanced; her piety brought composure; that piety which spoke little, which approached religion with a sort of diffident humility, and yet presented to the thoughtful observer the evidence

of a longing and thirsting for holiness which could not be mistaken. She received the sacrament on Easter Sunday, and the clergyman, who administered it, spoke afterwards of that scene as one never to be forgotten. Her countenance seemed lighted up with holiness, and her noble features wore a heavenly expression. Her old father, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, had met her in Berlin. She had promised to return his visit in summer, and see once more her grandmother, who was too infirm to travel. On the 24th of June she removed to Neu-Strelitz, where she was welcomed by all her own family, and where the king joined her on the 28th. She spoke to her brother of her happiness, and wrote a line on her father's desk, the last she ever wrote, expressive of her joy. On the 29th the attack of spasms of the heart came on; she rallied at first, and though during the king's absence (who was compelled to return to Berlin) the medical men hoped that the danger was over, the spasms returned with increased force.

She lay, except when the attack was on her, in perfect peace, looking, as some one remarked, like an angel, and repeating to herself parts of hymns which she had learned in her childhood. The king's letters she put under her pillow, and read them with delight. For her husband and children's sake she clung to life. "It would be hard," she said, "if I should die; think of the king and the children!" Before the last attack the king returned, and on the 19th of July all was over. His arm was round her when the spasms became more violent. "Lord Jesus, make it short," she said, gave a low sigh, and so departed.

The king's anguish and affection were shown in his after-life. The mausoleum at Charlottenburg bears witness, through the genius of Rauch, to the lost queen. The school for the training of females, and the almshouses for the poor set up in her memory, were called by her name. The order of the Iron Cross was instituted on her birthday; and when the great struggle came, and Prussia once more took her part in behalf of the liberties of Europe on the well-fought fields of Dresden, and Leipzig, and Quatre Bras, the arm of many a Prussian soldier was nerved and his heart steadied by the recollection of her wrongs whom Prussia had lost,—lost through imperial cruelty and selfish ambition; but not till she had made for herself a spotless fame which has given lustre to queens, and set an example which, we trust, will secure a lasting blessing to the Prussian throne.

From The Saturday Review, 26 May.

LORD BROUGHAM AT EDINBURGH.

THE new constitution of the university of the north has been inaugurated with all the splendor that befits its traditional prestige, its many grand associations, and its lofty designs. Two orators, both among the most illustrious of their day, have accepted its highest posts of honor, have dignified its ceremonials by their presence, and have set themselves to describe, with all the authority which realized success commands, the objects which the scholar should place before him as the goal of his ambition, and the rules by which he may best defy the solicitations of self-indulgence, faint-heartedness, or despair, and most safely tread the narrow and arduous path by which alone the difficulties of life must be surmounted, and fortune's crowning height at last attained.

The ceremony to which the Edinburgh students were last week invited was just one of those which must fire the coldest and most unimpressible temperament with something of sentiment and enthusiasm. A former student of the university, full of years and honor, crowned with every distinction that falls within the reach of varied powers and dauntless resolution, returning to the scene of his earliest labors, and surveying the long and eventful retrospect which the time and place naturally suggested, could not fail to arouse the interest and to touch the feelings of his hearers. It is to associations of this kind that great schools and colleges owe much of that irresistible fascination which they exercise over the minds of all who come within the range of their influence. Nothing could serve more to stimulate a boy to great exertions, to suggest the possibility of a grand career, and to fix his attention on noble schemes, than the consciousness of being united by common interests and attachments to men whose abilities have carried them far above the ordinary level of society. There is a certain solidarity of greatness by which every member of the fraternity shares something of the distinction which a single individual may enjoy. Thus a university is a bond of union, not only between different ages, but between the opposite extremes of the same generation. The poor Scotch lad who has just entered upon his curriculum of study may be encouraged by the knowledge that the chancellor of his university submitted to the same routine and confronted the same difficulties as give the coloring to his own existence. Lord Brougham seems to have felt this when he recalled "the breathless silence and riveted attention" with which he had, "within those very walls, received the instructions of the teachers of other days," and when he went through the

long list of his own illustrious fellow-students "who, under the same masters, gained those accomplishments which made them the ornaments of society, the solid learning and practical knowledge which made them its benefactors, ministering at the altars of their country, administering her laws, amending her institutions, improving her literature and taking their station among the best friends of mankind, the fearless, the consistent apostles of piety, humanity, and freedom—all now passed away, leaving their memory for our comfort, their examples for our encouragement."

Such men as these are not the models for a selfish, indolent, or careless career, and the contemplation of their characters must, one would imagine, tend in the greatest degree to shame a young man into shaking off the frivolity which too often lasts on when every innocent characteristic of childhood has passed away, and to force him to realize how serious and valuable a matter the educational period of his existence deserves to be esteemed. Nothing indeed can be simpler or more homely than the advice which the great orator urged most earnestly upon his hearers. To economize the spare minutes of life, to master one thing at a time, and to master it thoroughly—to concentrate every effort upon a single branch of employment, and to make that the nucleus round which all subsidiary information may be arranged—such are the commonplace maxims which Lord Brougham thinks it especially necessary to impress upon the students of Edinburgh. A less distinguished speaker might have shrunk from them as below the dignity of the occasion, and might have gratified the ingenuity of an academical audience by metaphysical subtleties, or his vanity by some abstruse speculation. Lord Brougham could be content with a lower and less pretentious flight. His whole philosophy is eminently utilitarian. He values intellectual ability just in proportion as it contributes, not to the exaltation of a single individual, but to the increased happiness and comfort of the mass of mankind. "The wisdom of ancient times, though it dealt largely with the subject of our passions and generally with the nature of man in the abstract, never stooped to regard as worthy of consideration the rights, the comforts, and the improvement of the community at large." Lord Brougham warns his audience against so false a view of the objects of learning. He protests against the notion of an "impassable space which separates the vulgar from the philosopher and the statesman." He shrinks with horror from the cold and merciless theory which degraded the mass of mankind to the level of the brute crea-

tion. "A sounder philosophy and a purer religion have in modern times entirely abolished all such distinctions." The amelioration of society is, he thinks, no unworthy employment for the most exalted powers, and this genial and condescending temper gives the principal coloring to his treatment of every subject which falls within the range of his long and discursive address. In morals, it leads him to contend "that it is beneficence rather than benevolence which can be regarded as a virtue, and entitled to confidence and respect." In literature, it forces him to apostrophize writers in the language of Mirabeau—"Ah, would they but devote themselves honestly to the noble art of being useful." The greatest rhetorician of his day sees in oratory only a means to the same unpretentious result: "Eloquence," he says, "can only in these times be worthily employed for furthering objects little known to, or, if dimly perceived, little cared for by, the masters of the art in ancient days—the rights of the people, the improvement of their condition, their advancement in knowledge and refinement—above all, for maintaining the cause—the sacred cause—of peace at home and abroad." History, in the same way, is deserting her true and honorable vocation when, dazzled by splendor of genius, or the imposing scale of achievements, she forgets the real interests of our species, and holds up to admiration "the worst enemies of mankind—the usurpers who have destroyed their liberties, the conquerors who shed their blood." Lord Brougham looks at once to the influence which such a mode of treatment is likely to exercise upon the actors in the affairs of life. The multitude are too often persuaded into being the accomplices of some illustrious criminal. "Seduced by the spectacle of triumphant force, stricken with wonder at the mere exercise of great faculties with great success, men withdraw their eyes from the means by which the ends are attained, and lose their natural hatred of wickedness

in their admiration of genius and their sense of power." The splendors of a Napoleonic régime are but a poor equivalent, in Lord Brougham's estimation, for the crimes and miseries which its establishment entailed, and for the ruined liberties in which it resulted.

Never have the true ends of power been more nobly and simply laid down, or a higher conception of the responsibilities of learning enforced upon a learned audience. The Edinburgh university has the honorable distinction of attracting students, not only from various parts of England, but from the continent and from the States of America. Lord Brougham has suggested some of the useful lessons which these alien learners may carry away with them to their own countries. The Frenchman will understand that popular rights do not involve popular tyranny, and that absolutism is not the only alternative for anarchy. The American will appreciate the advantage of a government in which respectable men will consent to act, and of an administration of justice which the mob cannot influence. The Neapolitan will, in the clear atmosphere of northern freedom, see despotism in all its true deformity. Englishmen will understand the advantage of a student's home life. All, we should hope, who had the honor of listening to the chancellor's inaugural address will have been infected with something of the candor and largeness of mind, the calm judgment, the sincere love of justice, the lofty morality, which the veteran philosopher—almost the only survivor of a race of great men—endeavored to impart to a generation with which his name has already become historical. Our age is, in one respect, exceptionally privileged—we are rich in the wisdom of old men, and in a disturbed and threatening epoch we may certainly think ourselves fortunate, no less that Lord Lyndhurst still takes his place in our senate, than that Lord Brougham is the presiding genius of one of our great universities.

It is a notion too commonly entertained not only by the public but even by educated medical men who have not made diseases of the brain their special study, that many fatal affections of this class are *suddenly* developed without having been preceded by any premonitory symptoms or by any organic changes of the brain or its appendages. It is for the purpose of disabusing his readers of this error, and guarding them against its lamentable consequences, that Dr. Forbes Winslow has written his treatise "On Obscure Disease of the Brain and Disorders of the Mind." The absence of all premonitory

symptoms, so frequently insisted upon the friends of patients who have succumbed to apparently sudden disease of the brain, is rendered incredible by the evidence of long-standing disease discovered after death. The symptoms must have been there, and the patient might have been saved, had their import been understood by him or his friends. Hence the manifest importance of a book that teaches unprofessional readers to apprehend the signs of incipient cerebral disease, as readily as they do those of other maladies for which the physician is consulted in good time.—*Spectator*.

From The Examiner, 2 June.
THE BRUCE WAR.

To suffer for the madness of kings is the ancient fate of nations, and perhaps there was some consolation in the fact that the authors of the evil were mighty men. The old Trojan chief found, in Helen's surpassing beauty, a fair and sufficient excuse for all the troubles of Troy. It was no shame, he said, to undergo many woes for such a woman, who excessively resembled a goddess in the face. But where are we to find consolation for the present war with a third of the human race? Where is the Agamemnon to give dignity, or the Helen to grace this calamity? There is nothing like either. A small envoy has plunged us into this huge, unwieldy war. He was, to say the best, not known as a man of any remarkable capacity, but he was, forsooth, the brother of Lord Elgin, and upon that family-claim the destinies of two empires were entrusted to his hands. To his precipitancy in ordering the attack in the Peiho, what a frightful amount of waste of blood and treasure may hereafter be distinctly referable, and also what grievous financial embarrassments. The war with all its consequences is the Bruce war. It was his act both to put us in the wrong and to get us beaten in the wrong, and to the consequent loss of our prestige is attributable the emperor's obstinacy in rejecting the ultimatum of our government, and accepting the hazards of renewed hostilities. We may be told that it is ungenerous to cast reproaches upon an officer for an error in judgment, but something more than generosity is required in the exercise of opinion upon conduct fraught with mighty consequences. And if Mr. Bruce is to be excused for error of judgment, not so is the government that appointed a man capable of so great an error, and instructed him so ill to avoid it. Lord Malmesbury indeed declares that he never contemplated as possible the proceedings of Mr. Bruce in the Peiho; but be that as it may, there was room and authority for those high-handed proceedings under the letter of the instructions.

And here we are now in the beginning of a war the end of which none can foresee, and few now living may see. For what is before us? Let us imagine England at war with all Europe, with this difference, that the continent should be much more populous than it is, and much less warlike. But the similarity would be in this, that the people of one part of the continent would have no sympathy with or concern for the people of another part. The parallel of Europe will, however, only serve us for the illustration of the scale of operations, and the absence of any thing homogeneous and sympathetic in the

population. There is a peculiarity exclusively Chinese, which makes war with them utterly different from war with any other people on earth. This is their carelessness and recklessness of life. China has too much life, more life than her land and her water can give room for and support. The destruction of life is therefore hardly regarded as an evil even when it is the work of an enemy. Suppose we slay a hundred thousand, the only reflection would be, so much the better for those that survive and take their places. The decimation of the population would hardly be looked upon as loss, and the emperor would probably feel that his enemies had rendered his flowery people a service by weeding it of its rank luxuriance. For himself, he will take good care to keep out of the way, and reconcile himself to all the rest, unless, as may happen, our hostilities lead to the overthrow of the dynasty and a state of anarchy.

The Chinese are the very opposite of a warlike people; but paradoxical as it may sound, this does not contribute to the success of war with them. They hold war in no honor; they think it far secondary to letters, ceremony, and etiquette. Victory, therefore, does not humiliate them. They console themselves with their proverbial saying, that "flints are harder than eggs, but not so valuable." Barbarians can use their force and craft to burn and destroy, but the inner people pride themselves on knowing better things. They are thus proof against us in two respects, their inhumanity and their conceit. They will neither care for the killed, nor be mortified by defeat, and we may repeat what we call our triumphs without making the slightest impression. They have but one sensitive side, and that is the pocket, by an action on which alone we can extort terms.

From The Examiner, 2 June.
THE REJECTION OF THE ULTIMATUM.

The following important correspondence was laid on the table of the House of Commons on 31 May:—

MR. BRUCE TO THE SENIOR SECRETARY OF STATE, PANG-WAN-CHANG.

Shanghai, March 8th.

The undersigned, etc., has the honor to address a communication to his Excellency Pang-Wan-Chang, a senior secretary of state, and their excellencies the members of the great council of his majesty the emperor of China. The undersigned has the honor to state that, as in duty bound, he has laid before her Britannic majesty's government a full narrative of all the circumstances attending his journey to the mouth of the Tien-tsin River last summer for the purpose of ex-

changing the ratifications of the treaty of Tien-tsin, as required by the provisions of that treaty, on or before the 26th of June, 1859. Besides the whole of his correspondence with the imperial commissioners and other officers of the imperial government, the undersigned has transmitted to the government of her Britannic majesty a copy of the imperial decree, dated the 9th of August, and handed, by the emperor's desire, to the United States minister, Mr. Ward, on the eve of his departure from Peking.

The decree begins as follows:—

"Last year the ships of the English sailed into the port of Tien-tsin and opened a fire on our troops. We accordingly instructed Sangkolin-sin, prince of the Khorchin tribe, to adopt the most stringent measures for the defence of Taku, and (the envoys of) the different nations coming up to exchange treaties on this occasion were told by Kweiliang and Hwashana at Shanghai that Taku was thus strictly guarded, and that they must go round by the port of Peh-tang. The Englishman Bruce, notwithstanding, when he came to Tien-tsin, in the fifth moon, did not abide by his original understanding with Kweiliang and his colleague, but actually forced his way into the port of Taku, destroying our defensive apparatus."

The undersigned did not fail at once to apprise the government of her Britannic majesty that the emperor had been singularly misled. Had it, indeed, been signified by him by the commissioners at Shanghai that his majesty had decided on closing to foreign envoys the natural and most convenient highway to his capital, such evidence of an unfriendly disposition on the part of the imperial government would certainly have been regarded by the undersigned as fit matter of remonstrance and negotiation. No intimation of the kind, however, was conveyed to the undersigned in the letters of the imperial commissioners. The port of Peh-tang was never named by them, nor did the undersigned enter into any engagement with them other than that contained in his letter of the 16th of May, in which he acquainted his Excellency Kweiliang of the nature and object of his mission, and of his intention to proceed by ship to Tien-tsin, from which city he requested his Excellency to give the necessary orders for his conveyance to Peking. He begs to enclose copy of this letter, as also of that received from the imperial commissioner of the 12th of June. These will prove that the undersigned was allowed to quit Shanghai in total ignorance of the emperor's objection to his employment of the usual river route. A like silence on the subject of the imperial prohibition was ob-

served towards Admiral Hope, commander-in-chief of her majesty's naval forces in these seas, when, in furtherance of the objects made known to his Excellency Kweiliang in the letter above cited, he appeared on the 17th of June at the mouth of the river to announce the approach of the undersigned and his colleague the minister of France. The admiral was assured that the passage had been closed by the so-called militia, whom he found in charge of the booms obstructing it, without the orders of their government, none of whose officers, the militia repeatedly affirmed, was near the spot; also that it was closed, not against foreigners, but against a native enemy. These false representations were supported by false appearances; the batteries of the forts were masked, no banners were displayed, no soldier discovered himself. Still further to prevent verification of the statements of the militia, no communication was allowed with the shore. After promising to remove the obstacles at the river mouth, the militia repudiated the promise. They conducted themselves with rudeness and violence to the officers who were sent to speak with them, in one instance proceeding so far as to threaten the life of a gentleman despatched with a message from the admiral.

Such was the state of things when the undersigned arrived outside the bar on the 20th of June. Finding that the officials persisted in keeping aloof, while the militia continued to assert that the obstruction of the river way was their own unauthorized act, he called on the admiral to take such steps as would enable him to reach the capital by the time appointed. This, after due notice given to the militia, and after receiving from them an assurance on the previous evening that they should certainly have nothing further to communicate, the admiral was proceeding to effect, on the 25th of June, the eighth day from his arrival, when the forts, which had been for these eight days to all appearances deserted, suddenly opened fire upon his squadron. Apparently to cover this treacherous conduct, the officers in charge of the forts have imposed another fiction on his imperial majesty, who has been led to believe that the British squadron assumed the offensive by bombarding the forts. This is utterly without foundation; no shot was fired until the batteries had opened; the ships having no other object in advancing but to remove the obstacles placed across the river without authority.

The facts of the case are simply those stated by the undersigned; and her Britannic majesty's government, after mature de-

liberation, have decided that whether the emperor of China was cognizant of this act of hostility, or whether it was directed by his officers, it is an outrage for which the Chinese government must be held responsible. Her Britannic majesty's government require, therefore, an immediate and unconditional acceptance of the following terms:—

1 That an ample and satisfactory apology be made for the act of the troops who fired on the ships of her Britannic majesty from the forts of Taku in June last, and that all guns and material, as well as the ships abandoned on that occasion, be restored. 2 That the ratifications of the treaty of Tien-tsin be exchanged without delay at Peking; that when the minister of her Britannic majesty proceeds to Peking for that purpose, he be permitted to proceed up the river by Taku to the city Tien-tsin in a British vessel; and that provision be made by the Chinese authorities for the conveyance of himself and of his suite with due honor from that city to Peking. 3 That full effect be given to the provisions of the said treaties, including a satisfactory arrangement to be made for prompt payment of the indemnity of four million taels, as stipulated in the treaty, for losses and military expenses entailed on the British government by the misconduct of the Canton authorities. The undersigned is further directed to state that in consequence of the attempt made to obstruct the passage of the undersigned to Peking, the understanding entered into between the Earl of Elgin and the imperial commissioners in October, 1858, with respect to the residence of the British minister in China, is at an end, and that it rests henceforward exclusively with her Britannic majesty, in accordance with the terms of Article II of the treaty of Tien-tsin, to decide whether or not she shall instruct her minister to take up his abode permanently at Peking. The undersigned has further to observe that the outrage at the Peiho has compelled her majesty's government to increase her forces in China at a considerable cost, and the contribution that may be required from the Chinese government towards defraying this expense will be greater or less, according to the promptitude with which the demands above made are satisfied in full by the imperial government. The undersigned has only to add that, unless he receives within a period of thirty days from the date of this communication, a reply conveying the unqualified assent of his majesty, the emperor of China, to these demands, the British naval and military authorities will proceed to adopt such measures as they may deem advisable, for the purpose of compelling the emperor of China to observe the engagements contracted for him by his plen-

ipotentiaries at Tien-tsin, and approved by his imperial edict of July, 1858.

"The undersigned, etc.

"F. W. A. BRUCE."

DECREE.

(Translation.)

The great council writes a reply (to the Commissioner Ho, which he is) to transmit. The council received yesterday (or a short time since) a despatch from the commissioner, and with it a communication he had forwarded from the British Minister Bruce, the contents of which have occasioned the council the greatest astonishment.

He states (1), for instance, that Peh-tang was never alluded to by the imperial commissioners, Kweiliang and his colleagues. It appears that last year the imperial commissioners, Kweiliang and his colleagues, waited for the British minister at Shanghai for the express purpose of considering with him in person all the conditions proper to an exchange of treaties. On ascertaining that the Minister Bruce had arrived at Wu-sung, they wrote to him several times to engage him to meet them; their object being, in fact, to acquaint him that Taku was fortified (or that the arrangements had been made for keeping people out of Taku), and that he must go by the way of Peh-tang. He, however, repelled them, refusing them an interview. The imperial commissioners Kweiliang and his colleagues, moreover, informed him that vessels of war must on no account (2) cross the bar; but the British Minister Bruce paid no attention to these words; and when on arriving off the Tien-tsin coast (or the port or ports of Tien-tsin), Hang, governor-general of Chih-li, despatched an officer with a communication to the effect that he was to proceed by the way of Peh-tang, and sent him a present of provisions, he would receive nothing but suddenly brought his vessels into Taku, and (commenced) destroying the defensive apparatus there placed. How can he allege that he never received the slightest intimation that he was to go by Peh-tang? And, as he was coming to exchange treaties, why did he bring with him ships of war? It was plainly his intent to pick a quarrel. How, then, can he (when the blame is all his own) charge China with shortcomings towards him.

The defences prepared at Taku are not either (as he implies) prepared to keep out the British (3). Suppose that some other nation's ships of war were to go to the length of presenting themselves under British colors, could it be left to them to commit any breach of propriety they pleased? Well, then, the

defences of Taku cannot possibly be removed, even when the treaty shall have been exchanged.

(Then the demand for) indemnity under different heads, and for the restitution of guns, arms, and vessels, is yet more against decorum (4). The war expenses of China have been enormous. The cost of defending the coast from Kwang-tung and Fuh-kien up to Tien-tsin, from first to last, has not been short of several millions of money. Were she to demand repayment of England, England would find that her expenses do not amount to the half of those of China.

As to restoring ships and guns, the year before last England destroyed the forts at Taku, and obtained possession of a number of guns belonging to China; ought she not, then, on her part to be considering how to make these good? But, besides this, half the British ships and guns (demanded) were sunk in the sea; they are not in the possession of China at all. The question may be dropped, therefore, by both parties alike.

Then there is (the announcement that) the compromise, the treaties once exchanged (the minister), was to have resided somewhere else, is at an end. The compromise by which once the treaties were exchanged (the minister) was either to select some other place of residence, or to visit (the capital) whenever there might be business of importance to transact, was definitely settled by the British Minister Elgin in negotiating with the imperial Commissioner Kweiliang and his colleagues. The revocation of this compromise now (announced) is even more unreasonable (than all the other propositions).

Last year when, after the Americans had exchanged their treaty, there was an alteration in the rate of tonnage dues, and the ports of Tai-wan and Cheng-chow (Swatow) were opened to trade, the British minister earnestly prayed for a like arrangement (in his favor). The English had not exchanged their treaty, but his majesty the emperor, liberal to foreign nations, and full of tender consideration for the interests of commerce, graciously sanctioned an extension of the boon to the English, for which they should be equally grateful (5). But, if the compromise duly negotiated is to be annulled, there will be no impropriety on the part of China if she cancel the arrangement by which she has conceded to the English (the same advantage of) the improvements in tonnage dues and trade that accrues to the Americans under their treaty.

To come to the (British minister's) request to be treated with courtesy when he comes north to exchange treaties. If he be sincere in his desire for peace, let the commissioner, when he shall have thought over all the de-

tails of the treaty, those which it will be proper to give effect to, and those respecting which compromise (or arrangement) is to be made, negotiate (with the British minister), and when both parties shall be perfectly agreed, if he come north without vessels of war, and with a moderate retinue, and will wait at Peh-tang to exchange the treaties, China will not take him to task for what is gone by. He must be directed to acquaint himself with the rules (observed or laid down) at the exchange of the American treaties, and the course to be pursued will be further discussed with him (by the commissioner). But if he be resolved to bring up a number of vessels of war, and if he insist in proceeding by way of Taku, this will show that his true purpose is not the exchange of treaties, and it must be left to the high officer in charge of the coast (or port) defences to take such steps as shall be thereby rendered necessary (*lit.*, as shall accord with reason).

The despatch written on this occasion (by the British minister) is, in much of its language, too insubordinate and extravagant (for the council) to discuss its propositions more than superficially (*lit.*, to go deep into argument). For the future he must not be so wanting in decorum.

The above remarks will have to be communicated by the commissioner to the British minister, whom it will behoove not to adhere obstinately to his own opinion, as, so doing, he will give cause to much trouble hereafter.

A necessary communication.

[In copying this Chinese State Paper, we cannot refrain from saying that we think the English entirely in the wrong, and the Chinese entirely in the right. It makes one's heart ache to think of the misery which Barbarism is about to inflict upon Civilization.—*Living Age.*]

From The Saturday Review, 26 May.
THE DIPLOMATIC HORIZON.

AMONG the motives which induced the Lords to take the very serious step of enforcing the retention of a tax repealed by the Commons, a prominent place is to be assigned to the conviction that the money will be needed for the defence of the country and of Europe. The war with China was on the lips of the speakers. A very different war was in their minds. Mr. Gladstone's Budget is justly condemned as tending—if not, as its judicious friends insinuate, actually meant—to cripple the nation on the eve, it may be, of a great struggle. It is too true that the cruel and profligate rapacity of the French Government still threatens Europe with war. Public accounts announce continued activity in the French arsenals, and new additions to the already enormous

numbers of the French army. With these accounts our private information entirely corresponds. If, indeed, we were to believe all the statements that come to us, we should be driven to the conclusion that the immediate aim of the French Emperor's aggressive preparations was our shores. But it has never seemed, nor does it now seem, to us probable that we shall be the next assailed. The trial which awaits us is not that of making up our minds to defend our own country, as to which we are all agreed. It is that of making up our minds to assist with our whole force the next European nation which may become the victim of an aggression sure, ultimately, to extend to ourselves. There is among us, as there has been in all nations bound to other nations by interest and duty, and threatened in common with them, a party anxious, from short-sighted selfishness, to desert the confederacy, and convinced—if wilful infatuation can be called conviction—that the insolent aggressor will be appeased by weakness and submission. On the co-operation of this party, which he has done his utmost to secure—as well as on the personal connections which he has been unhappily able to form with our leading statesmen—Louis Napoleon probably calculates as a check, at any critical moment, upon what he must see to be the rising spirit of the English people. But he probably calculates still more, and certainly with much better reason, on the great fleet which he is creating—it may be, not for immediate purposes of maritime aggression, but as a screw on England, while his other designs are carried out, first, perhaps, in the East, then upon the Rhine.

We will go as far as any peacemonger in abusing war, and deploring the waste of national wealth in powder and shot. The present situation seems to us no more glorious than being waylaid by a highwayman or chased by a pirate. The only comfort we can draw from it is, that the nation may become—and, indeed, it has already become—greater under the trial, and that the issue of the contest may be to quell, once for all, the spirit of French ambition, and give to Europe, and to France herself, the blessing of secure and lasting peace. But it is idle to doubt the existence or the imminency of the danger. It springs, as we have before said, from no personal or accidental cause, but from causes deeply seated in the history and temper of the French people. Fawning on the emperor to prevent French aggression, is like stroking the crater of Vesuvius to prevent an eruption. If Louis Napoleon is not the elect of the French people, he is their representative. With the exception of that small party of Constitutionalists, which our

statesmen have done their best to alienate, all France goes with him heart and soul in his schemes. Not a twinge of shame was felt by the nation at the annexation of Savoy, or at the nefarious arts by which it was accomplished. The mendacity, the duplicity, the hypocritical pretences, the insolent mockery of universal suffrage, as they led to the aggrandizement of France, were received with unalloyed satisfaction and universal applause. This proof of the utter absence of a controlling conscience in a nation armed with enormous powers of aggression, is the really formidable part of the Savoy affair. When our government, in manifest, though irregular, self-defence, seized the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, its act was arraigned, and has never ceased to be arraigned by a large party in the nation, as contrary to the laws of morality and the national honor. Lord Palmerston was condemned by the House of Commons for his filibustering in China; and if a majority of the constituencies reversed the condemnation, they did so in the conviction that his act was reconcilable with honor, strengthened, perhaps, by the recollection of his conduct and that of his opponents during the Russian war. But in France, it is enough for the author of a hundred perfidies and treacheries to plead that he has added to the sacred territory of "the sun of nations," and his statue is at once crowned with laurels, and placed by French historians in the pantheon of everlasting fame. What has France left herself but military ambition? What hold, but the gratification of her military ambition, has Louis Napoleon, or any adventurer who may climb into his place when he is gone, upon the heart of a nation which, to do it justice, has never been content with bread alone? Six hundred thousand Frenchmen are in arms, and a vast fleet has been collected for the indulgence of the ruling passion. Would the ruler of France be permitted, even if he were disposed, to send the men back to their homes inglorious, and leave the fleet to rot useless in the ports?

The diplomatic horizon is everywhere dark, and in the east it portends storm. Yet, upon the whole, it is not unhopeful. The traditional object of French diplomatists is to surround France with weak and subservient nations. That object is now in a fair way to be completely frustrated by a course of events to which France herself has unwittingly contributed. The enterprise of Garibaldi tends to liberate Italy from the French as well as from the Bourbons and the Austrians. Of this fact the French government, through its journals, has shown itself well aware. An attempt will probably be made to set up a French satrapy in place of the

expelled tyrant of Naples, as an attempt was made to set up a French satrapy in place of the expelled grand duke of Tuscany; but there is reason to hope that it will be made with no better success. The real Muratist party at Naples consists of two or three surviving officials of the old Muratist régime; and an appeal to universal suffrage, managed by French agents and coerced by the French bayonets which we are not surprised to hear are for the present to remain at Rome, is a scheme which, familiar as it may be to the imperial mind, it would surely not be very difficult to foil. We may venture to hope, therefore, that Italy will be great and independent. In Germany, matters look not so well. The Prussian regent's assurance of universal loyalty to the fatherland must, we fear, be read rather as an exhortation than as a statement of fact. Yet even in Germany all is at bottom tending the right way. After the blow which French vengeance has inflicted on her, Austria must reform thoroughly, and restore the independence of her different populations, or she must die. The issue of her wavering fate is now the grand point of interest in European politics. But, be that issue what it may—whether Austria deceive all expectation by putting tyranny and Jesuitism finally behind her, and returning to the better path, or whether she go to pieces, as every thing now portends—she will cease to be a power of evil in German councils; and nothing but her influence prevents Germany from being, for defensive purposes at least, a united nation. No doubt, should a crisis immediately arrive, a road might be opened to the enemy by the treachery of the petty German princes whose meanness French diplomatists so thoroughly understand, and have so often turned to fatal account. The partial mediatization of petty principalities which took place after the war with Napoleon has, unfortunately, not proved a real approach to that great European object—the unity of the German nation. It has rather tended to create in the confederacy separate interests of a stronger and more uncontrollable kind. The old confederation, with as many independent states as there are days in the year, was in some respects more capable of being controlled by a Diet or a dictator in the hour of danger, and offered less facility to an intriguing enemy seeking to form a treacherous combination in his own favor. To expect self-sacrifice of the German princes would be imbecile. It is the misfortune of royalty, especially of petty royalty, to be reared in a fool's paradise of consecrated selfishness, which shuts out all thoughts more noble than the preservation of dynastic interests. But across the boundaries of the petty states an intense desire

for union, and an intelligent sense of the common interests of the nation, have spread through the whole German race; and it may well be hoped that in case of extremity an effort would be made, under the leadership of Prussia, which would shake royal and serene traitors out of their thrones. French intrigue is indirectly accelerating German unity, as the seizure of Savoy has roused the spirit of Italian independence. And with Germany united, Italy free, Spain restored to something of her pristine spirit, and England as she is, Europe and liberty will not have much cause to fear lest they should be piled into a pedestal for the vanity of Paris.

From The Saturday Review, 26 May.

SPANISH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

THE Spanish American republics have now for thirty years been the opprobrium of liberty, and the friends of free institutions have grieved over them too long not to be glad of any explanation which does away with the necessity of dwelling on their wild pell-mell of revolutions, constitutions, civil wars, and dictatorships. Such an explanation is furnished by an interesting paper in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The point of it is that the disturbances of Mexico and of South America proceed nearly exclusively from the Indian element in those countries. Englishmen have been dimly conscious that the so-called Spanish Americans are a mongrel race, but they have probably had very inadequate ideas of the extent to which the Spanish blood has been diluted, and it is certainly a fact known to few that almost every revolutionary leader is a pure Indian. We are curiously misled by the Spanish-sounding names of these Mexican and South American worthies. Many of us have the impression that Juarez, Vidaurri, and Degollado are as actual Spanish gentlemen as Sartorius, Narvaez, and O'Donnell. Yet the truth is, that the three persons named, who are all Mexicans, generals, and Constitutionals, are neither more or less than full-blooded Indians, and are therefore much nearer relations of the Ojibbeways who were exhibited in London a few seasons ago than of any Hidalgo in Spain. It need not be said that this circumstance entirely destroys the importance of the Spanish American revolutions as precedents or illustrations. The king of Siam, according to Sir John Bowring, is a very intelligent sovereign, and the establishment of a Nepalese republic at Katmandoo would be a very singular event, but nobody would dream of basing any political lesson on the intellect of the Siamese monarch or on the democratic institutions of Napaul. Consciously or unconsciously,

we regard no changes of government as political phenomena having interest for ourselves except such as occur among races which were reared in the religion and civilization of Western Europe. A revolution or civil war in Spanish America is at most curious. The only feeling stronger than curiosity which it should excite is pity for the minority of Europeans or semi-Europeans which remains in most of these countries, and is oppressed or massacred at pleasure by masters who, though they speak Spanish and call themselves Christians, are, in reality, savages let loose.

The difference between a European and an Indian leader is well illustrated by the history of the rival presidents of the Mexican republic. Juarez, the so-called Constitutionalist president who was lately besieged in Vera Cruz, is, as has been stated, an Indian of unmixed blood. Miramon, who has been styled the president of the Church party, is, on the contrary, a Frenchman by the father's side and a Spaniard by the mother's—in other words, a European descended from two of the finest races in Europe. Of the merits of the contest in which these two leaders are engaged we shall only say that it has been grossly misapprehended in the United States and in England. It turns on the confiscation of Church property; and this circumstance has caused some degree of mild favor to be extended here and in America to Juarez, who is the champion of the anti-clerical faction. But it is the most foolish of mistakes to institute a comparison between the pillage of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico and the curtailment of its excessive endowments in such a country as Sardinia. The Mexican clergy are certainly indolent and ignorant, according to European standards; but, with all their defects, they alone prevent the Mexican people from relapsing into the belief and practices of savage life. The Haytian negro, when the destruction of the whites relieved him from the control of his priests, went straight back to his Obi, which he scarcely deigns to overlay with a thin varnish of Christianity; and the Mexican, whether Indian or mongrel, can scarcely even now be kept by all the vigilance of his spiritual pastor from throwing himself into sorcery and fetish-worship. The cause of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico is therefore for once the cause of civilization; and, if the truth were known, it would probably be found that Juarez, who is panegyrized by the American papers as the liberal and enlightened antagonist of spiritual despotism, is simply the foe of the priests because he prefers some private enchantment of his own to the celebration of the mass. It is not, however, in their views of

clerical influence that Miramon and Juarez are most advantageously contrasted. The writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* mentions several incidents in Miramon's career which are curiously characteristic of the European as distinguished from the Indian. He was originally called to the presidency while engaged in a campaign at a distance from the capital. A *pronunciamento* had been successfully accomplished in the city of Mexico, and the revolutionists thought to strengthen themselves by placing at their head a young and victorious general. Miramon, immediately on his return to Mexico, disavowed the entire revolution, and refused to accept the distinction proffered to him. This unheard-of disinterestedness naturally caused him to be looked upon as a very different sort of Conservative from any hitherto known in that country, and is the foundation of all his political influence. Other actions of his mentioned in the *Revue* are his immediate restoration of large sums of money seized by his lieutenants, and his repeated refusals to shed more blood than could be helped. The virtues thus indicated would not be extraordinarily remarkable in Europe, and it is evident that in Mexico they might have proceeded quite as much from calculation as from character; but the thing to be noted is, that these actions of Miramon's are just those which no man of Indian breed is capable of practising. No politician of the native race ever yet sacrificed the opportunity of elevating himself to station, or gave back money which he could spend, or spared an enemy whom it was safe to kill. Juarez sold his country to the Americans without a pang; but civilized men have done this before him, and the fatal symptom about him is not his treason, but his absolute inability to forego an immediate for an ultimate advantage, or to disappoint for one day his savage instincts of cupidity and revenge.

In all Central and South America there are only two countries—Brazil and Chili—which are not governed by absolute dictators under the forms of a Republic. With hardly one exception, these dictators are pure Indians, or mulattoes in whom the Indian and negro are mixed, or men with some Spanish blood in their veins, who, like the early Norman settlers in Ireland, have contracted a taste for savage life, and have abjured the habits of civilization. Of this last class there are some curious samples in South America—such as Urquiza in the Argentine Confederation, Castilla in Peru, and the Monagas family, who, though now displaced, all but succeeded in founding a dynasty in Venezuela. All these dictators have one peculiarity in common. Though they have all commenced their reign by ex-

pell the legislature of their country at the point of the bayonet, they invariably belong to the Constitutionalist or Liberal party. This party has its newspapers and its pamphlets, on looking into which the reader sees the maxims of extreme French socialistic democracy enforced in stately Castilian. Is there, then, a leaven of socialism in Spanish America? Not a bit of it. It is all a sham and a pretence, like the Christianity, the civilization, and the European tongue. The true contest is between *Unitarianism* and *Federalism*, a dispute which, in form, involves the question whether the State shall be governed from its capital or shall be split into nearly independent provinces, but which, in reality, resolves itself into a struggle between the European and the Indian—the man of culture and the savage. All the enlightenment and education of Spanish America is confined to the older cities, the seats of Spanish dominion under the monarchy. If the Unitarians prevail, it is the comparatively civilized capital which governs the wild men of the provinces. If the Federalists have their way, the savage of the open country rules the civilized man of the city. As a fact, the controversy has universally ended in the triumph of the Federalists; and as the Indians and mongrels, who are the strength of this faction, have no idea of freedom and no capacity for rule, their success has always resulted in the boldest or bloodiest among them seizing the reins of government and proclaiming himself dictator. We have said that if these events excite any emotion in us, it should be compassion for the unhappy inhabitants of such places as Lima, Quito, Caraccas, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, or the city of Mexico. Their civilization is but a poor one at best, but they have had their age of heroism, and a short era of freedom, and they have sensibility enough to feel the humiliation, as well as the other consequences, of being governed by men who always conduct themselves like savages, and sometimes like monsters.

From The Spectator, 26 May.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THERE is a rumor abroad about the forthcoming matrimonial alliance of the heir-apparent to the British throne with a princess of Prussia. German newspapers, solemn always and full of erudition, inform us that all the particulars of this union have long been determined,—arranged, in fact, at the time of the nuptials of our princess-royal with young Prince Frederick William of Prussia. It was then settled, we are given

to understand, that there should be a "double marriage" between the royal families of Great Britain and of Hohenzollern: such double marriage as was seriously contemplated a century ago by the then monarchs of England and Prussia, but unfortunately broken off at the eleventh hour, to the great grief of a certain crown-prince, Frederick, no less than of his latest British biographer. Indeed, history tells us that German princes have always been very fond of arranging these cross-alliances as we might call them; and that it is owing to the principle which they involve, that the whole of European royalty is at the present moment one vast family of brothers, sisters, and cousins. The Emperor Napoleon is, we believe, the only monarch of the western world not directly related to this august family; though even he, by means of more or less distant cousinship, is somewhat drawn towards the mystic circle. With this single exception, if it is such, the whole of the royal houses of Europe form but one family, all the members of which are blood relations. The stock or root of this family is in Germany—the "fatherland" pre-eminently—and it is there, apparently, that a continual desire is felt more and more to unite the branches of this tree, more and more to engraft like on like. The title of courtesy of "mon frère," by which European sovereigns address each other, is to become ultimately a complete reality.

This progressive tendency towards a close family union of all the irresponsible rulers of the civilized world is a rather important fact in modern history, and one deserving the attention of others than heralds and pursuivants at arms. Like every thing else in this sublimary world of ours, there are at least two sides from which this question may be envisaged, a favorable and an unfavorable. On the one side, there is an undoubted advantage in these family alliances of kings for the general peace of Europe. Though, as we all know, brothers do sometimes quarrel and have disagreeable misunderstandings, yet on the whole, the contrary is the case, nature having made the wise provision that of all ties which keep men together, none shall be so strong and so powerful as the tie of blood. A mere glance over the political events of the last four or five centuries shows that international wars have almost invariably been guided, if not actually planned by sovereigns not connected by family alliances; and, that these wars have diminished in Europe in a direct ratio to the increase of relationship between the different princes. It would be easy to adduce examples of this proposition, even during so recent a period as that from the Congress of Vienna, and the establishment of the Holy Alliance up to

the present time. This is the bright side of the question of royal family alliances; but while properly valuing the advantages so conferred, we have not the less to consider the reverse of the medal. The latter aspect may be resumed under two principal heads: the danger threatening to the freedom of nations by a too intimate alliance of their rulers, and the peril menacing the royal race itself in such unnatural restraint of blood. Perhaps to the first of these possibilities not too much importance need be attached, since it is pretty well agreed that if a nation is really ripe for freedom and worthy of enjoying liberty, no sovereign, or association of sovereigns, will ever be powerful enough to prevent such enjoyment. Remains, therefore, the second and more immediate peril of princely alliances, the degeneracy of the royal race. Without subscribing in full to Mr. Darwin's theories about the progress of the species by means of "natural selection," it is yet a fact not to be denied that a certain amount of intermixture between different races is absolutely necessary for the physical as well as moral well-being of the human family. The conformation to this rule has an apt illustration in our own little island, where Saxon, Dane, Celt, Norman, Scot, and Pict, intermarrying for a thousand generations, have produced one of the finest races on earth, one sending its offshoots through all the corners of the habitable globe, and girding the earth with the sound of its speech. Again, the non-observance of this rule is as visibly elucidated in the history of many Oriental tribes; and even in certain instances in the condition of small sections of the population of Europe. There are villages in some of the upper cantons of Switzerland, regions surrounded by mighty mountain walls, and shut off by almost impassable barriers from the rest of the world, where the inhabitants have been in the habit of intermarrying for centuries, and where the result has been that either the race has died out completely, or, worse still, has been transformed into that horrible form of human degeneracy, known as *cretin*. With such examples before us, we may well fear for the future of the great European family of sovereigns, should the tendency to intermarriages continue among them.

It is a rather curious fact in the history of modern European nations, that whereas in the great bulk of the population there has been for a long period past a continually increasing spread of equality among the different ranks and classes, just the contrary has been the case in the one select rank above the subject, the class of sovereign families. Peer and peasant now jostle each other in the street, wear the same garments, eat very

nearly the same food, and, as citizens of the state, have precisely the same duties and responsibilities, and obey the same laws. A *mésalliance* of a coroneted marquis with a poor and pretty milliner does not startle the world very much nowadays; and the rise of a lawyer's clerk to the chancellorship of the exchequer is, even by the Conservatives of this generation, looked upon as rather natural than otherwise. But, strangely enough, while thus the barriers which the pride of rank and birth of former times created are drawn away one by one, there is a huge boundary of a new kind forming at the very pinnacle of society, and creating a deeper chasm than ever. Royalty is separating itself from the people, and forming, what never it was before, a distinct class, the different members of which are strictly on a level, but unconnected with any other class below. According to this new law of *Ebenbürtigkeit*, as exposed in the *Almanach de Gotha*, a prince of Lichtenstein, sovereign of a territory of one and a half square miles, may ask the hand of a princess royal of Great Britain, in strict propriety, but, in return, would have a right to think it presumptuous if even the youngest of his eleven daughters were demanded in marriage by the possessor of half an English county, the lord of a thousand acres. The former union, though unequal in the highest degree, would be enregistered as perfectly *en règle*; the latter, a match of far more parallel interest, would be set down as a decided *mésalliance*. While all the other ranks of society flow into each other, joining more and more, royalty acknowledges no connecting root with any other class, but will stand alone and by itself, like the gods of Greece on the Olympian Hills, only differing greatly in their portrait galleries. This desire, we say, of forming the royal families of Europe into a distinct class, unapproachable from below, has its origin in Germany, the country of princedom, *par excellence*. In all the rest of European countries, England included, the principle was unknown until within a comparatively recent period of modern times. Every tyro in English history is aware that our kings of old married the daughters of the land, considering them perfectly *ebenbürtig*, and fit, in every respect, to be their consorts on the throne. It was only a century ago, in the reign of the third George, that the legislature of the realm was asked to interfere with this illimited liberty of royalty to choose consorts wherever and whenever they liked. Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, son of Frederick Prince of Wales, having married, on the 2d of October, 1771, Mrs. Horton, widow of Mr. Christopher Horton, of Catton Hall, Derby-

shire, George III. became so enraged at this act of his weak-minded brother that he not only issued an order forbidding the duke and his consort to appear at court, but at the same time forwarded a message to Parliament, recommending a legislative provision for preventing any of the royal family from marrying without the consent of the sovereign. But, humble though the legislature was at that period, in respect to all government measures, the Royal Marriage Act prepared by the ministers met with extraordinary resistance in both Houses. The Teutonic notion of royalty, as a class by itself, seemed repulsive to the British mind, and the peers as well as the representatives of the people, employed every degree of parliamentary skill to defeat the bill, or, at least, to obstruct its progress. New motions were continually made, either to expunge the original clauses, or to amend the most exceptionable parts, and the result was, that in the end ministers had to let the veto of the king be limited to the age of twenty-five. But even the concession was far from being approved of in the Lower House, where Mr. William Dowdeswell became the leader of a compact minority, who argued that if English princes were by law allowed to govern the realm at the age of eighteen, they scarcely ought to be forbidden by law to marry according to their own choice before the age of twenty-five. Popular wit at once embodied this argument in some lines which came to be sung throughout the land:—

"Quoth Dick to Tom,—
This Act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive,
To take the Crown at eighteen years
The Wife at twenty-five.

"The mystery, how shall we explain?
For sure as Dowdeswell said,

Thus early, if they're fit to reign,
They must be fit to wed."

"Quoth Tom to Dick,—
'Thou art a fool,
And little know'st of life,
Alas! 'tis easier far to rule
A kingdom than a wife.'"

But popular wit, no more than parliamentary opposition, was able to obstruct the determined will of the king, and the ministerial phalanx in the legislature, and after several months of hostile resistance on the part of the Liberals, the bill passed, March 24, 1772, the third reading by the small majority of 168 against 115. The Act thus voted, enacted that no member of the royal family, being under the age of twenty-five years, should contract marriage without the sovereign's sanction; but that on attaining the stated age, they should be at liberty, should such sanction be withheld, to solemnize the proposed union, under the further condition that, having announced to the Privy Council the name of the person they wished to espouse, an entire year should elapse without either House of Parliament addressing the sovereign against it. Thus originated the famous Royal Marriage Act, which is still holding in bonds the princes of British lineage, forbidding them to do what is allowed to the most humble of subjects, and controlling their feelings in the very point where human sentiments should be most free and unrestrained. We do away, in our time, with so much that is dark and unwholesome, we pride ourselves so greatly in elevating the purely human above the narrow confines of fortuitous circumstances: would it not then be a step in the right direction, if we began to think of reconsidering the Royal Marriage Act with a view to its repeal?

TRANSMISSION OF PARCELS THROUGH PNEUMATIC TUBES.—A prospectus has been issued of the Pneumatic Despatch Company, to be established for the construction of pneumatic tubes for the conveyance of despatches and parcels between the various stations in the metropolis. The system has for several years been privately in operation, the Electric and International Telegraph Company having employed it between their central station in Lothbury and the subsidiary stations at Cornhill and the Stock Exchange, the original despatches being sent to save a repetition of each message. It is now proposed to lay down a complete and extended series of public lines in London, on a scale which will receive not merely papers and

packets, but parcels of considerable bulk, including the mail bags of the post-office between the railways and the district offices. It is considered, also, that it will be found desirable to connect the various government establishments. The capital is to be £250,000, in £10 shares, but, as it is intended in the first instance to lay down a short central line, which will not cost more than £14,000, the first issue of shares will be limited to a total of £25,000, the subscribers having a pre-emptive claim to the remainder, which, however, will not be put forth until the success of the first short line shall have been satisfactorily established. The Marquis of Chandos is the chairman, and the composition of the board is such as to inspire confidence.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE FIGHT FOR THE BELT.

A LAY SUNG AT A FEAST IN FALL-MALL.

I.

THE Fancy of America
By all creation swore,
A British champion round his loins
Should gird the Belt no more.
With strange great oaths they swore it,
And chose a man straightway,
And felt his arm, and saw him hit,
And loafed, and chewed, and cursed, and spit,
And sent him to the fray.

II.

Sooth was this picked American
Of Irish parents born,
As like Columbia's progeny
As wheat to Indian-corn;
But 'tis the boast of that free land
To take the stranger in,
And, he he any tint but black,
To own him for her kin.

III.

I do not know that great men
Avail them of her grace,
That shining merit makes her shores
Its chosen resting-place;
But the persecuted burglar,
Or the man of many wives,
Or he whose quick, ingenious wit
With legal maxims doth not fit,
Still seeks that land, and thrives.

IV.

America's step-champion
Went forth upon the wave,
High hopes pursued him from the shore,
And prophesyings brave,
"Dollars to cents he wins it;
Yes, sir, I guess he's spy;
He'll whip the cussed Britisher,
Our prime Benecia B'y."

V.

Like ancient heroes fabled
Of strange descent to be,
The Transatlantic hero claimed
A curious pedigree;
His dam an alligator,
A fiery steed his sire,
Remoter (thus the tale I read)
A snapping-turtle crossed the breed,
Infusing force and fire.

VI.

Full many a practised warrior
The halls of Congress hold,
Full many a gonger dexterous,
Full many a rowdy bold,
With dagger or revolver
Prepared to legislate,
But Heenan (so 'twas said) could give
The skeeriest representative
Defeat in such debate.

VII.

Three years against all comers
The champion keeps the ring,
Keeps it against what fistic might
The universe can bring;

Three years the mystic girdle
The champion's strength had graced,
Pelides' belt, or that which spanned
The sinewy loins of Hector grand,
No braver heart embraced.

VIII.

And in three years no foe-man
Had dared dispute the prize;
All feared the crashing iron fist
Whose blow not Pollux might resist,
Though trained amid the skies.
But now the loud defiance
Across the Atlantic hurled,
Warned Sayers he must guard his fame;
Quoth Tom, "All right, my boys, I'm game;
Old England 'gainst the world!"

IX.

Then out spake Harry Branton,
Sage bottle-holder he;
Quoth he, "I've at your service, Tom,
My counsel and my knee."
And out spake Gemmy Welsh also
(I know not who was he),
"I will abide, too, at thy side,
And wet the sponge for thee."

X.

Across the sea came Heenan,
Like an ancient Argonaut,
Yet found it difficult to meet
The willing foe he sought,
For in times so tender-hearted,
'Tis the fashion to prevent
All personal damage to a man,
E'en with his own consent.

XI.

So where'er a champion goeth
A constable doth go
(I wish our volunteers may watch
Invading Frenchmen so);
They cannot find a county
Where this vigilance doth cease,
And many hazards strange they ran,
And pondered many a cunning plan,
Ere they could war in peace.

XII.

At London Bridge there waited
A train immensely long.
And with the dawn the champions came,
And after them a throng
Of men in shawls deep-muffled,
Unshaven and unwashed—
Men who, forewarned, sat up all night
To see the long-expected fight;
Each carriage crammed, the word "All right!"
Was passed, and off they dashed.

XIII.

But quicker still the telegraph
Went flashing on its way;
"Look out, police, and stop the fight!"
The wires officious say.
From east and west came breathless in
The myrmidons of Mayne,
Each stands aghast and gapes and stares,
Its freight the engine past them bears—
Lives not the constable that dares
Arrest a special train!

XIV.

Fast, fast, with wheels quick spinning,
That train for lengthening sped,
It whirled along through Caterham,
Where folks were still abed,
Turned sharply short at Reigate,
Passed Dorking, Gomshall, Sheire,
Shalford and Guildford, pausing not,
Rushed by the camp at Aldershott,
And checked in a convenient spot
Near Farnborough its career.

XV.

And as, when April sunshine
All torpid life revives,
The bees with flutter and with hum
Come swarming from the hives,
So in the broad bright morning
Poured forth the pent-up throng,
And clamorous o'er the meadows spread
To where a stream in oozy bed
Rolls its dull length along.

XVI.

And, throwing off their wrappers,
All stood in open view,
Full many a potentate and peer,
And reverend prelate too,
And judges filled with learning,
And authors known to fame,
Guardsmen and statesmen, nob and snobs,
The old and sick and lame.

XVII.

For deep in English bosoms
A germ pugnacious lies,
And skill to combat still calls forth
The people's sympathies;
They love to see men daring,
Yet temperate, cool, though bold;
Who shows no fear they love to cheer
As in the days of old.

XVIII.

And with the crowd came veterans
Whom well the arena knows,
Acute observers of the hug,
The rally, and the close:
The noted Quaker bruiser
From Manchester had come,
Who, as he passed a gentleman,
Still scowled and bit his thumb;

XIX.

Beneath one arm a bludgeon,
Cut from an olive bough,
Was tucked—the other linked his mate,
(Mate new and strange, I trow),
The flashy chancellor, who bore
Dark marks of punishment,
Where Ben with might put in his right,
And left him stunned and spent.

XX.

And other cause for sorrow
The chancellor had that day,
Knowing how for a shadow he
The substance trucked away—
Deep felt the Homoric critic
The tale that Homer told,
How, in the barter, Diomed
Exchanged his brass for gold.

XXI.

And Pam was there, still jaunty,
Elastic, trimly laced,
But looking much too Frenchified
To suit the present taste:
His pal, the Bedford Bantam,
Had a grandchild weak and ill,
And though he yearned to see the fray,
Paternal feelings had their way;
The old 'un stayed at home that day
To nurse his little Bill,

XXII.

The babe whose idiot features
Ancestral sins disclose,
Despised of all, disgrace of kin,
And ridicule of foes—
Whose misbegotten being
Is dishonor to his name,
Link in a still-descending line
To end in woe and shame.

XXIII.

But now the ring was forming
Around the champions twain;
The circling crowd kept surging on,
And then surged back again;
And the weak were sorely damaged,
And by dexterous hands and sly
Pockets were searched, for priggish swells
(As Ainsworth, my informant, tells)
Now faked the nimming cly.

XXIV.

And a Saturday Reviewer,
One Mr. Bilious Prig,
An old young fellow, with false teeth
And a very youthful wig,
Got bonneted by a Scotchman,
Who jammed his hat so tight
That he couldn't get it off again
In time to see the fight,

XXV.

And 'mid the throng mov'd darkly,
Most piteous to behold,
His feelings pent from natural vent,
For he couldn't even scold;
And a thief who picked his pocket,
Got ('twas hardly worth his while)
Prescriptions for acidity
And a remedy for bile.

XXVI.

Down to the waist the champions
Stood naked to the sight,—
Secure the strong American
Appeared in towering height;
His arm both long and powerful,
To guard or deal the stroke:—
Beneath the white skin, to and fro,
Glancing the steely muscles go;
On trunk and limbs the sinews show
Like ivy-stems on oak.

XXVII.

And as in Rome's arena,
In her day of power and pride,
Some fair-haired gladiator, nursed
By Trent's or Thames' side,

Matched with a dusky foeman,
Of Mauritania's brood;
So, opposite, in contrast strong,
The swarthy champion stood.

XXVIII.

I cannot say that boxing
Improves the human face,
That either profile clearly showed
A flowing Phidian trace;
And any antique statues
They resembled, must be those,
A little chipt from long neglect,
And damaged in the nose.

XXIX

Chance gave the choice to Heenan,
Who took the shaded place;
Apollo showered his rays upon
The dazzled Champion's face.
Both smiling stood, both cautious,
At distance feigned and sparred,
Like men who fain would know their foe
Before they left their guard.

XXX.

But soon the game grows earnest,
More swift the changing blows;
Like some great engine, to and fro
The stranger's left arm goes;
Before its rushing violence
His footing none may keep;
And twice the champion reels and falls
'Mid shouts and murmurs deep.

XXXI.

But ever he uprises,
With step both firm and light,
And still opposes vigilance
And skill to strength and height;
Still as the towering foeman
Breaks in above his guard,
The champion, hurled like stone from sling,
Reacclitrant across the ring,
Goes headlong to the sward.

XXXII.

And seeing how he staggered
Beneath those thundering blows,
Each Yankee loud derided,
Exulting through his nose.
These taunts the impatient champion
To fiercer action stung,
And, springing in, he dealt a stroke
That o'er the meadow rung,

XXXIII.

Stern as the stroke of cestus,
Or hand in glove of mail,
Splitting and crushing brow and cheek
Like corn beat down by hail;
The tall foe reels before it,
And counter cheers, as loud
As hailed the American before,
Rise from the wavering crowd.

XXXIV.

But now a general murmur
The English side depressed,
For his right arm the champion hung
Disabled on his breast,—

That strong right arm, whose single stroke,
In many a bloody fray,
Delivered straight and full, had been
Decisive of the day.

XXXV.

Yet Sayers, dauntless boxer,
Right home his left hand sped
Thrice and again, till reeled the foe
Wide-tottering, streaming red
Like stalwart Bacchanalian
Drunk with his drink divine,
When past his lips the flagon slips,
And floods his breast with wine.

XXXVI.

Long time these modern Spartans
Contested still the prize;
Long steps the sun, since they begun,
Had made across the skies;
And still, with fronts undaunted,
(Though sore defaced and smashed
Like figure-heads on hostile prow)
They rose, advanced, and clashed.

XXXVII.

Nor can the Muse determine
Who most renowned should be,
He who through that stern strife displayed
The spirit high and undismayed
That urged him o'er the sea,
Or he who strove so nobly,
Though reft of half his might—
Equal the valor, shared the meed,
Since neither was by fate decreed
Victorious in the fight.

XXXVIII.

Most impotent conclusion
Had this combat long and stout,
When constables and lawless mob
Turned all the scene to rout—
The ring's fair precincts broken,
Wild rallies, aimless blows,
A throng that on the arena gained
Until no fighting space remained—
In turmoil vexed the strife attained
Its indecisive close:—

XXXIX.

Close much to be lamented,
For the laurel must remain
Without a wearer, and my song
Without a crowning strain.
Beyond the unsettled issue
New arguments are seen,
And disputants their weapons wield,
Manœuvring in the boundless field
Of all that might have been.

XL.

By none so much as Heenan
Must that mischance be felt,
Who back to those expectant shores
Returns without the belt,
For, though exalted office
No doubt awaits him there,
Yet, beltless, he will scarcely gain
What, conqueror, he might well attain
The presidential chair!

XLI.

Meanwhile there swelled through London
 Vague rumors of the fray,
 No man, whate'er his own affair,
 Thought much of it that day—
 Swells at club breakfasts, pausing
 In gastronomic joys,
 And little boys, who going to school,
 Met other little boys,

XLII.

And patriarchs old and hoary,
 And matrons grave and staid,
 And the sick with his physician,
 And the swain with blushing maid,
 Fair penitents conferring
 With parsons Puseyite,
 And clients with their men of law,
 All asked, *How went the fight?*

XLIII.

And well may both brave nations
 Be proud of both brave sons;
 Through all the triumphs of the race
 A thread in common runs;
 Still Jonathan must feel to John
 As son to noble sire,
 Still John (tho' sometimes moved to chide),
 Watching the boy that left his side,
 As on he goes with giant stride,
 Must wonder and admire.

XLIV.

Embalmed in verse strong Dares
 To far times lives anew,
 Why not strong Heenan? Have we not
 Our brave Entellus too?
 And I would some worthier poet,
 In more melodious rhyme,
 Should sing the Battle of the Belt,
 And send it down through time.

H.

SONG.

HARK, hark, hark!
 The lark sings high in the dark.
 The raven croaked from the raven stone;
 I spurred up my charger, and left him alone;
 For what should I care for his boding groan,
 Riding the moorland to come to mine own;
 While hark, hark, hark!
 The lark sings high in the dark.
 Hark, hark, hark!
 The lark sings high in the dark.
 Long have I wandered by land and by sea,
 Long have I ridden by moor and by lea,
 Till yonder she sits with her babe on her knee,
 Sits at the window and watches for me.
 While hark, hark, hark!
 The lark sings high in the dark.
 —*Fraser's Magazine.*

C. K.

STILL LIFE.

A BOAT left idly rocking at its chain
 Through the long brightness of the summer
 day,
 While ever past it, to the glad blue main,
 All sweep away.

Foam in their wake, and sunlight on their sails,
 The light waves laughing round them as they
 pass;
 They speed, their white wings spread before the
 gales,
 For it, alas!

Chained to the narrow inlet's dull green tide
 That sluggish breaks against the silent shore,
 The drifted seaweed clinging to its side,
 The idle oar.

Oh! for an hour of motion and of life,
 Dancing along the lit crests of the sea,
 Even as the white gull, through the calm and
 strife,
 Goes sweeping free!

Action, and purpose, and the wholesome task
 That bends the supple sinews to their strength;
 Scope for the powers within me! these I ask,
 And lo! at length

I feel the freshness of the rising gale,
 The long wave rolleth inward even here,
 The anchor parts, the wind is in the sail,
 The path is clear!

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

ENUL.

NOVEMBER LEAVES.

THESE gray November days
 Suit well my temper; so these fallen leaves
 lying
 In all the miry ways,
 Part rotten, part just dead, part only dying,
 Pray prayers, chant holy lays,
 Preach homilies for me most edifying.

My hopeful spring is past,
 My rustling summer and my harvest season
 Unfruitful, and at last
 My fall-of-leaf hath come; and there is treason
 Against the bitter blast
 Within my heart, although I know 'tis reason.

November leaves must fall,
 And hopes outworn, the timely frost must sever,
 Leaving their branches tall
 All gaunt and bare and black; but not forever.
 Thrice-strong to whom befall
 These kindly frosts! Let such forget them
 never.

—*Ladies' Companion.*

J. A.

From The Saturday Review.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT.*

LEIGH HUNT was one of a class of authors who fail to achieve eminence chiefly because they are overshadowed by the vicinity of greater reputations. Ambitious men, of powers below the highest, should choose a line of their own. A third-rate physician may become immortal by cultivating one of the waste places of natural science, and a barrister who has scarcely held a brief in Westminster Hall may dash into the attorney-generalship of an obscure colony. It is the same in literature. The public prefers relative to absolute excellence. With a just economy of time it will read a book, or go to see a sight, which is reputed to be the first of its class. It does not care to discriminate between the comparative elevation of two different careers, or to balance the difficulty of success in that which is open and that which is crowded. Mr. Leigh Hunt wrote, and wrote well, in a variety of styles, but in each one he was fairly beaten by some contemporary poet. The "Story of Rimini" contains some fine passages, but as a whole does not approach the best of Byron's narrative poems. "The Palfrey," and "Wallace," are poor beside Sir Walter Scott's lays and ballads. The "Ode to the Sun," perhaps the highest flight of poetry in the volume, falls short of the simplicity and grandeur of the "Ode to Immortality." "Godiva," though it contains the choice line, "Hear how the boldest naked deed was clothed in saintliest beauty," has not the strange transparency of Mr. Tennyson's fragment on the same subject, and is not comparable to his masterpieces on kindred subjects. The result is, that although Mr. Hunt has written real poetry, and not mere rhetoric and metaphysics in verse, he is scarcely numbered among English poets, and probably has more honor with the less discriminating but more sympathetic American public than in his own country.

The present volume, as we learn from the introduction, contains those of his poetical works, which the author thought worthy of preservation, and the plan of arrangement was settled by himself before his death. They are distributed into "Narrative Poems," "Narrative Modernizations," "Narrative Imitations," "Political and Critical Poems," "Sonnets," "Blank Verse," "Miscellaneous Poems," and "Translations." Adopting this classification, we should be inclined to give the preference to the least ambitious works—to the Translations, the Imitations of

Chaucer and Spenser, and those of the Narrative Poems which are really metrical tales, and turn, like fables, on the description of simple incidents. It is natural that an author should regard with partial fondness his more elaborate efforts; and Mr. Hunt, like Southey, does "not pretend to think that there is no merit in the larger pieces," and, like him, appeals to the fact that "they have not ceased to be called for by the public." We attach very little value to this test. It varies with the attractiveness of the subject, the notoriety of the writer, and the greater or less urgency of the puffing. Undismayed by their alleged popularity, and by the assertion that the first is the "finest narrative poem which has appeared in the English language since the time of Dryden," we pronounce "Rimini," "Corso and Emilia," "The Palfrey," and even "Hero and Leander," to be second-rate productions, deficient in originality, and but for their pictures of scenery very little above the level of the prize-poem. It is perhaps worth while to remark, by the way, that the line, "That ever among ladies ate in hall," in that most beautiful passage which describes Elaine's admiration of Lancelot, occurs word for word in Lorenzo's lamentation over the body of Corso.

Mr. Leigh Hunt is much more successful in what may be called "cabinet poems," where sustained power is less necessary than poetical sympathy and grace of expression. "Mahmoud," "Kilspindie," and the "Trumpets of Dookarnein," are happy examples of what is rapidly becoming a lost art—the art of telling a story graphically without marring its effect by subjective interpolations. The mine of self-consciousness had, in Mr. Hunt's earlier days, scarcely been opened to poets. Byron himself, though he formed a kind of dark background to his pictures out of his own blighted existence, sought his materials and refreshed his imagination in the inexhaustible richness of nature. Even the misanthropy of Manfred and Childe Harold is not the misanthropy of the hero in "Maud"—the Byronic melancholy is not the melancholy which gives its charm to "In Memoriam." Leigh Hunt's poetry—more nearly related to that of Keats than to that of Byron—still essentially belongs to the earlier manner of the present century. It abounds in glowing descriptions, ingenious turns, and lively sallies; but it is strictly confined within the dominion of fancy, and never aspires to teach or to interpret. Perhaps its most attractive characteristic is the cheerful tone which pervades it, in spite of trials and misrepresentations which might well have soured a less equable temper. There is no bitterness of

* *The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt.* Now finally collected, revised by himself, and edited by his son, Thornton Hunt. London and New York: Routledge and Co. 1860.

spirit' in the following sonnet "To Hampstead—Written during the Author's Imprisonment, August, 1813:—"

"Sweet upland, to whose walks with fond repair,
Out of thy western slope I took my rise,
Day after day, and on these feverish eyes
Met the moist fingers of the bathing air;—
If health, unearn'd of thee, I may not share,
Keep it, I pray thee, where my memory lies,
In thy green lanes, brown dells, and breezy
 skies,
Till I return, and find thee doubly fair.
"Wait then my coming, on that lightsome land,
Health, and the joy that out of nature
 springs,
And Freedom's air-blown locks;—but
stay with me,
Friendship, frank entering with the cordial
 hand,
And Honor, and the Muse with growing
 wings,
And Love Domestic, smiling equably."

On the other hand, we think a wise discretion would have forbore to reprint such "specimens of political verse" as the lines on the "St. James' Phenomenon" and the "Coronation Soliloquy." Clever and witty they certainly are, but the interest of such squibs is quite ephemeral, their vulgarity is of the broadest kind, and the contrast of their spirit with that of the "Odes to the Queen," and on the births of the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Alice, is somewhat too glaring. No living writer of reputation would venture on satire so scurrilously personal as the whimsical pasquinade on the prince regent's habits and appearance:—

"Hard by St. James' Palace
You may see this prince of shockings,
But not before three,
For at one, d'y'e see,
He begins to put on his stockings.
"His head, or else what should be
In the place that's on his shoulders,
Is nothing but hair,
Frizz'd here and there,
To the terror of all beholders.
That it has a mouth, is clear from
His drinkings and his vap'nings;
But all agree
That he cannot see,
For he'll take a pig for a prince.
"To tell you what his throat is,
Is a matter a little puzzling;
But I should guess,
That more or less,
It was forty yards of muslin."

On the other hand, we question whether the *Family Herald* would accept from the most maudlin correspondent loyalty so insipid as this:—

"Blest be the queen! Blest when the sun goes
 down;
When rises blest. May love line soft her
 crown.

May music's self not more harmonious be,
Than the *mild manhood* by her side, and she—
May she be young forever—ride, dance, sing,
"Twixt cares of state, carelessly carolling," etc.

Or again, the description of the assemblage at the Prince of Wales' christening, the third and fourth lines of which are considerably explained in a note to allude to the late king of Prussia and Alexander von Humboldt:—

"Young beauties mixed with warriors gray,
And choristers in lily array,
And princes, and the *genial king*,
With the wise companioning,
And the *mild manhood*, by whose side
Walks daily forth his two years' bride," etc.

On the same principle, Mr. Hunt, in the notes, makes a general recantation of his jokes on the Lake poets. This is "coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb" with a vengeance, and would be pitiable if it were not so very common. The poetical development of individuals, no less than of nations, has a tendency to begin with prophecies and war-songs, and to end with glorified nursery rhymes in the language of adulation and compliment.

There are two thoroughly modern attributes which Mr. Leigh Hunt's poems possess; viz., obscurity of thought, and want of finish in composition. Whatever excuse may be made for either of these qualities taken separately, they make up a grave blemish when combined. Keats is sometimes quoted as the founder of a system according to which metre and sound are subordinated to the complete development of an idea. But if the ear is to be offended, the understanding should be propitiated, and the difficulties of syntax and prosody should be presented alternately. At all events, triple rhymes, trochees for iambics, and grammatical liberties, should be introduced only where there is a *dignus vindice nodus*, and the gush of inspiration may be supposed to have been too strong for the restrictions of form. But no such indulgence can be claimed for passages so tamely slipshod as the following:—

"An aged nurse had Hero in the place,
An under priestess of an humbler race,
Who partly serv'd, partly kept watch and ward
Over the rest, but no good love debar'd.
The temple's faith though serious, never cross'd
Engagements, missed to their exchequer's cost;
And though this present knot was to remain
Unknown a while, 'twas blessed within the fane,
And much good thanks expected in the end
From the dear married daughter, and the wealthy
 friend.

Poor Hero looked for no such thanks. Her hand,
But to be held in his, would have given sea and land."

In fact, several of the occasional poems are suggestive of that excruciating game called "conglomeration," in which rhymes have not only to be written on a given text, but two substantives, chosen by a stranger to the subject, must be woven into the texture of the composition. In justice, however, to Mr. Hunt we will quote the sonnet on the Nile, which was avowedly struck off in this extemporary fashion, and is certainly a very good specimen of its class:—

"It flows through old hush'd Ægypt and its sands,

Like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream,

And times and things, as in that vision, seem

Keeping along it their eternal stands,—

Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd band
That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme

Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.

"Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,

As of a world left empty of its throng,

And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,

And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take

Our own calm journey on for human sake."

One poem in this collection is remarkable, not so much for its artistic merit, as for the moral ends which it is designed to advance, and which are categorically announced in the prefatory remarks. The long and bloody wars arising out of the French Revolution had excited in sensitive minds a disgust for all warfare which can scarcely be conceived by the present generation. Traces of this are to be found in most of our poets during the latter half of George III.'s reign. "Cap-

tain Sword and Captain Pen," with its accompanying notes, detailing the actual horrors of battle-fields, is a downright and vigorous attempt to discourage war by a simple revelation of its cruel mysteries. "Is a murder in the streets worth attending to—a single wounded man worth carrying to the hospital—and are all the murders and massacres and fields of wounded, and the madness, the conflagrations, the famines, the miseries of families, and the rickety frames and melancholy bloods of posterity, only fit to have an embroidered handkerchief thrown over them? Must 'ladies and gentlemen' be called off, that they may 'not look that way,' the 'sight is so shocking?' Does it become us to let others endure what we cannot bear even to think of." We are far from ridiculing such language as this; for we believe that some good may be done by speaking the truth during lulls and lucid intervals; but it is of no use flying in the face of mankind when the fit is on them. Our opinion of human nature is such that we have more faith in the influence of commercial considerations than in direct appeals to humanity. People who might be moved by the calm discussion of "War" in Mr. Helps' essays, shake off the impressions produced by "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" as they would shake off the harrowing recollections of the sick-chamber or dissecting-room, and relegate the subject to the hopeless category of necessary evils.

In most of Mr. Hunt's poetry there is a delicacy of sentiment and a freedom from mannerism and straining after effect which redeems many faults. There is room in literature for the pleasing as well as for the acute and profound; and in these days it is a positive relief to read either prose or poetry in which point has not been studied to excess. The aggressive obtrusion of an author's cleverness is sometimes perfectly insulting, and mars that serene and genial temper of mind which the masters of literature love to produce in their readers.

Our readers may probably remember a charming little book, which appeared about two years ago, called "Letters of a Betrothed." These epistles purported to be the genuine compositions of a lady addressed to her future husband during a long engagement, and were professedly published to show that such a correspondence need not necessarily be of such a ridiculous nature as *nisi prius* revelations would lead us to believe. They also throw some light on the character of the lover—who, from various slight indications, would seem to have been a stiff,

harsh, priggish kind of man, and scarcely worthy of his very pleasant correspondent. Doubt, however, is now thrown on the genuineness of the work by the advertisement of a novel "by the same author,"—who turns out to be Miss Marguerite A. Power,—the niece, we conclude, of Lady Blessington. We say that this suggests a doubt, for we imagine that, though a lady might possibly publish her love-letters if it were quite certain that her name could not be known, yet that she would be scarcely likely to give her friends the power of identifying her as the author of them.—*The Press*.

From The Examiner.

The Cottages of the Alps: or, Life and Manners in Switzerland. By a Lady. In two volumes. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

THIS is a valuable sketch of the present state of Switzerland by an American lady, who has already written a good account of Peasant Life in Germany, but cannot make the titles of her two works uniform, because in republican Switzerland there is no peasant class. The work is dedicated to the Princess Dora d'Istria, a liberal student of Swiss liberties, come from the East, who met with sympathy all the impressions of the lady from the West. The social state of Switzerland, in the present time, and the forms of the independence threatened by the late French annexations,—as well as by the possible ideas for which France may hereafter make war,—are very well set forth by the writer of the book. She has blended personal detail with matter of research, treats systematically of each canton in turn, and even adds, in an appendix, a brief outline of Swiss history. It is not every Swiss tourist who cares, as this lady appears to have cared, mainly about the life of the people, and but incidentally about the mountains. Yet she can describe passages of mountain travel well. Her account of a visit to the Rhone glacier is worthy of a traveller whose whole mind is devoted to the picturesque. Whether she writes of men or glaciers, the lady speaks with refinement. She is never flippant, never obtrusive of herself. In the religious feeling underlying many of her comments, there is a broad, wise charity predominant. For example, while discussing with singular fairness the contrast observed by every traveller between the well-to-do Protestant and the less prosperous Catholic cantons, she remarks the drawback suffered by the Protestants in the removal of much gayety out of their lives by the severity of Calvinist opinion:—

"The well-meant, but ill-directed, zeal of the Reformers led them to forbid the dance and song and festive mirth, not knowing that, unless they substituted something in their place, they only produced an aching void, which drove the revellers to darker deeds. The human mind cannot live on vacancy, and it must be one of marvellous construction that can support itself on solitude. Statistics prove that excitement does not cause so much insanity as meditation, and not so many cases of madness occur in great cities as in rural solitudes. The first case of suicide among these simple Alpine people was known when they were condemned to practise the forms of a new religion without understanding any thing of its spirit. Neither their minds nor hearts had received any cultivation that fitted them for a serious and earnest life. What were they to do, or think about, suddenly condemned to idleness, with no food for thought,

and no idea of even the meaning of meditation?"

"Statistics also prove that there are not so many cases of insanity among Catholics generally as among Protestants. One reason may be, that the assurances which they continually receive of pardon, and their credulity with regard to the efficacy of the means they use for salvation, preserve them from disturbing doubts and fears, and the amusements which they are allowed divert them from speculations which avail nothing even with strong and healthy intellects, and must surely destroy weak ones, if they do not utterly distract them.

"We do not give this as an argument in favor of Catholicism, but only as a fact. There is no reason why Protestants should not be as happy as Catholics. Those who are ignorant, or those who need it for any reason, whether of one faith or another, should be furnished with healthful amusement; and those who are content with intellectual cultivation and resources should endeavor for an hour to conceive what they would do without them."

The writer is in Friburg and among Gessenay shepherds, when such thoughts are suggested to her. We quote a few Gessenay customs:—

"The law again allowed the peasants of Gessenay first to dance on week days and at certain annual festivals, but now there is no restriction—they may dance all the year. It was found they would resort to the woods and ravines at midnight, and the evil consequences became more, and had a more frightful fatality, than when they were permitted to assemble at proper times and in proper places. . . .

"They have a curious custom of assembling at little inns called cabarets, after morning service in church at New Year's Eve, every unmarried youth conducting a maiden, whom he has chosen for the occasion. They spend two or three days there together, and when they leave are betrothed. The marriages are performed at the Feast of Annunciation, when they go in pairs to church, powdered to correspond with their mountains, and the bridegroom carrying a long sword. If it is a widow who marries, they choose a king, and bear him on their shoulders around the village, with great noise and shouting, finishing with theatricals, representing various scenes in their history.

"A traveller relates that one day, when climbing the mountains, he met a young girl who had sole charge of the flocks and herds, no other person being within miles of her. He asked her to give him a cup of milk. She answered, 'The milk belongs to my mother.' 'But I am very thirsty,' said the wanderer. She looked down a moment in deep thought, and then ran quickly away, and soon returned with a foaming tankard. He offered her money, and she said with serious surprise, 'You told me you were thirsty, and I gave you milk; what would my mother say if I sold her milk?'"

Of books of travel written by ladies this is, in short, one of the most liberal and sensible.